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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 21
COMMUNIST CHINA 23
FOREIGN LABOUR 23
CANADA AND THE ABBOTT PLAN. By Miriam Chapin 24
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic 25
THIS ENGLAND 25
FOUR YEARS' HARD. By Sagittarius 26
IMPARTIAL ARMING. By Jon Kimche . . . 26
HIGHLAND WATER POWER. By Neil McCallum 27
NAPLES, 1948. By Alan Ross 27
ANTRYCIDE. By Ritchie Calder 28
SUNDAY AND THE COMMON INFORMER. By C. H. Rolph 28
NEIGHBOURS. By G. Rostrevor Hamilton . . 29
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
Radio Notes. By William Salter 30
The Theatre. By T. C. Worsley 30
CORRESPONDENCE 31
From Charles Millar; C. Auerbach; Ernst Hangermann; George Bilainkin; Joyce Cadbury; Elsie B. Cook; John Crockett; A. S. Neill; Prof. K. Takashi Itoh; Constantine Gallop; Stanley Mayne; Reginald Reynolds; and Vera G. Watson.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Noel Annan . . Page 35
REVIEWS:
Endymion. By Kathleen Raine 36
Left-wing Socialism. By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P. 36
New Novels. By Simon Harcourt-Smith . 37
The Half-Gods. By J. M. Cohen 38
Another Nelson. By Ralph Partridge . . 39
Magic Box. By John Richardson 39
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West 40
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 41

MR. TRUMAN TRIES AGAIN

ON Wednesday afternoon, for the first time since he became President, Mr. Truman drove down to Capitol Hill to address a Congress sympathetic both to him personally and to the substance of his programme. It is a very different Congress from its obstructive predecessor, whose diehard Republican leaders fondly thought they had turned a neat political trick by frustrating every liberal move the President made. Enough American electors, however, thought otherwise.

Those who expected Mr. Truman to make some dramatic new departure at the outset of his new term misjudged both the man and his policy. The President had already made it clear that he regarded the result of the election as a vindication of his record and as a mandate to try once again for the legislation he demanded in vain from the Eightieth Congress. In the tasks he has now set before the new Congress, he has again affirmed his desire for social reforms which would consolidate and extend the achievements of the original New Deal.

In his report on the State of the Nation, Mr. Truman went out of his way to preface his praise for the blessings which free enterprise has conferred upon the American people with a sharp reminder that these were made possible only by the very large Government investment, by social security measures and by Federal intervention of many kinds. After this Keynesian analysis, the President went on to admit, in unequivocal terms, that serious shortcomings still exist in the American way of life; logically, he seeks to remedy these by further additions to Federal authority. Free enterprise alone, he has now insisted, cannot rescue the people from excessively high prices, give them adequate minimum wages, restrict the growth of monopolies, develop more and cheaper electricity, or offer the farmer a stable future. Nor has notable progress been made in the last three years in finding new homes for the five million families "still living in slums and firetraps," in reducing the cost of medical care which is "out of the reach of the great majority," in providing good schools and teachers for millions of children and adequate social security benefits for the sick and the old. On each of these heads, the President has made good and overdue proposals. But he has also come out strongly for new river valley projects on the model of the T.V.A., and for the St. Lawrence Seaway.

This programme alone would be sufficient to reassure most of the voters who elected the President and to ensure bitter opposition, mostly from the Republicans, but partly from some Democrats in Congress. Yet Mr. Truman has, for once, chosen to go the whole hog. He has asked for the Wagner Act to replace Taft-Hartley, with but minor modifications, and has served notice on Congress that he still wants his civil rights programme as he outlined it last summer, together with higher taxes on the rich and the corporations, and the list of controls—ranging from rents to credits and commodities—that the Eightieth Congress either destroyed or emasculated. For full measure, he has thrown in acceptance of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements and admission of Displaced Persons without racial or religious discrimination.

The President, therefore, is now unambiguously demanding the power to do what he promised, and has thrown the responsibility of giving or withholding it upon Congress. What Congress will in fact do is still a matter for speculation. Undoubtedly, majorities can be found without too much difficulty for the less controversial proposals, and the House decision to reduce what had become the virtual veto of the Rules Committee to a maximum of twenty-one days will at least ensure that Bills can be debated. But the liberal members of Congress have not had things all their way in key committee appointments and, in the Senate especially, there is still a lot of fight left in the working coalition of conservative Democrats and Republicans. Mr. Truman will have to fight hard for his programme.

So far, moreover, there are no signs of any significant change in either the Administration's foreign policy or in Mr. Truman's own Cabinet. The President may not feel the need for either, since he regards this new term as but the continuation of the old. But it will be surprising if, as Congress gets under way, he can put through this massive domestic programme without better colleagues and without facing the fact that he cannot simultaneously pursue thoroughgoing rearmament, foreign aid and social reform without imperilling at least one of these objectives.

Europe's Collective Optimism

The O.E.E.C. plans duly went off to the Americans last week-end—both the dollar requirements for 1949–50 and the interim report on the "Long-Term Programme" by means of which Marshall Europe is to attempt to balance its accounts by the time American aid comes to a stop. The short-term proposals are definite and, at any rate for Great Britain, essentially moderate; the long-term report is little more than a putting together of the separate optimisms of the various countries. Indeed, the estimates cannot even begin to look realistic until it is better known both what the Americans will be prepared to buy from Europe in future and what will be the position in respect of trade between Eastern and Western Europe. For 1949–50 the total aid asked for is about £1,080.m.—roughly £125 m. less than in 1948–9 and £76 m. less than the total set out in the short-term programmes of the separate countries. The cut in dollar aid is based on expectations of a sharp rise in dollar-earning exports from Europe over the current year's, as well as of a substantial improvement in output for home use. In the matter of food production, the estimate rests on the hope of a rise above the yield of last year's bumper harvests, especially in coarse grains, and also postulates higher production of meat and dairy products. The British figures include a tremendous total for potatoes, followed by a reduction in subsequent years in favour of grain and feeding-stuffs. Europe is also expected to produce during the coming year 7 per cent more coal, 14 per cent more steel—mainly from Germany—and 11 per cent more textiles. If everything goes as well as can be hoped, and no unforeseen difficulties arise, the targets are not unrealistic; but Europe is a long way short of being out of the wood yet, or even of seeing its way clear

to being out of it by 1953. In its comments on the (still unco-ordinated) nineteen long-term national plans the O.E.E.C. observes critically that they assume a 15 per cent increase in output per man-hour, and that import programmes have been framed on hypotheses too sanguine to be realistic.

European Disunity

In two directions there have been signs this week that hitches in working out Western European co-operation are not confined to the economic field. On the one hand, the British request for a postponement of further discussion on the establishment of a European assembly and council has created the impression on the Continent that Britain is distinctly lukewarm towards the whole conception of the political unity of Western Europe. On the other hand, it is becoming questionable whether the projected West German Government will, in fact, take shape—at any rate in the near future. Apart from the resentment caused in Germany by the plan for the Ruhr Authority, and the consequent doubt whether any German politician would venture to endorse or participate in it, the work of the constitution-makers at Bonn is being seriously impeded by disagreement between the Socialists and the Christian Democrats. These two parties are at loggerheads over the question of religious education in schools, and the Socialists are complaining bitterly that Dr. Adenauer, the Christian Democratic President of the Council which is drafting the constitution, has been exploiting his position to gain advantages for his own party. Underlying these overt disagreements, however, is the question whether some at least of the German leaders may not be calculating that, the longer political unsettlement lasts in Europe and the slower the progress made by the Marshall countries towards economic recovery, the more Germany may stand to gain in a "devil take the hindmost" scramble.

The Right to Strike

It was touch and go what the London busmen's delegates' reaction would be to the stiff attitude adopted by the Transport Executive and the Minister of Labour towards last Saturday's unofficial strike and the threat of its weekly recurrence. The strikers were to forfeit 26s. in pay; they were threatened with wholesale dismissals if last Saturday's action was repeated; Mr. Isaacs, declaring that the strike was "a challenge to constitutional authority," declined to take any step in the direction of mediation until the threat of strike action was definitely removed. It is difficult to see what other course could be adopted by the authorities in the case of an unofficial strike in a publicly controlled industry. There is room for argument, no doubt, as to the adequacy of London busmen's earnings; and, as we pointed out last week, workers in "sheltered" occupations find it difficult to understand why their wages should be lower than those in industries previously exposed to unemployment, but now, to all appearance, providing equal security. The fact remains that, by withdrawing their labour before exhausting the agreed machinery for the settlement of disputes by reference to arbitration, the strikers last Saturday put themselves in the wrong. There is no question involved of denying to labour in nationalised industries the right to strike or of the Government's beginning to create the Servile State. The issue is simply whether workers in an industry serving and controlled by the community are entitled to repudiate an agreement during its currency in order to enforce by direct action a claim on which the appropriate arbitration tribunal is given no chance to pronounce judgment. To that question there can be only one answer; and though the strikers may argue that the process of arbitration is made less attractive by the fact that any tribunal is required to have regard to the Government's general directive on the stabilisation of wages and incomes, we share Mr. Isaacs' view that the London busmen were bound, in the first instance, to drop the threat of strike action and go to arbitration. Happily the delegates on Wednesday decided by a two to one majority to recommend reference to an arbitration tribunal, and continuance of normal Saturday work pending its findings. In these circumstances we trust that the Transport Executive will not merely withdraw its threat of dismissals (which it could not have enforced without creating a serious situation), but will also modify the pay forfeitures it imposed.

Britain, Egypt and Israel

In spite of the secrecy which still surrounds the fighting in the Negev, it is clear that the Egyptian invasion of Israel is ending in a fiasco. Though it was, from the first, a flagrant act of aggression, the Egyptian Government is now seeking to stave off the penalties of defeat by seeking help from Britain under the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty. Some of its units have been cut off and others have been pushed back to the frontier and, perhaps, across it. By playing up the threat to Egypt's own security and especially to the Suez Canal, the Egyptians have once more given Mr. Bevin an opportunity to champion the Arab cause and to scare the Jews with the prospect of renewed hostilities against the British Army. Nothing could better illustrate the shameful futility of British policy in the Middle East. Our Arab allies, having failed to win their war against Israel, now hope that Britain will come to their rescue, enabling them at least to avoid the complete evacuation of all Palestine which the Israeli army could probably enforce. Mr. Bevin, seriously upset by the turn events have taken, has already turned to the State Department for help and has persuaded the Americans to threaten Israel with loss of diplomatic recognition if Jewish units carry the war back into the territories of the Arab invaders. The Foreign Office, clearly, is afraid that a decisive Israeli victory would tip up the precarious balance of power in the Middle East and undo all that Britain—which has never wanted a strong Jewish State—has done to build up an Anglo-Arab coalition. The alleged threat to Suez is not serious: the Government of Israel is not foolish enough to run headlong into open conflict with this country. But it is good enough as a pretext for further British pressure upon Israel.

Asia and the Dutch

The failure of the Security Council to take any effective action against Dutch aggression in Indonesia is creating for the first time a sense of unity among the nations of Asia; and it may even produce a new focus of power in the world. That is the first deduction from the Indian Government's initiative in inviting the Governments of 13 Asian countries (together with Australia and New Zealand) to attend a Conference in Delhi to consider the Indonesian problem. It is important at the same time to notice that India also hopes by its action to strengthen, not to supersede, the Security Council. For that reason it has granted permission to the Dutch Premier to fly across India to Indonesia. That the Dutch Airways needed such permission is in itself an indication of the potential pressure which Asiatic countries could bring to bear on Holland. When the Conference meets, it will not fail for lack of power of concrete action. Pandit Nehru, in his speech announcing his Government's decision to call the Conference, said that the minimum programme for Indonesia included, first, the withdrawal of Dutch forces to the line they occupied before this aggression; secondly, an inquiry into this aggression; thirdly, the stoppage of all aid in any form to Holland; and, fourthly, the creation of conditions in which the Indonesian Republic could function. Such a programme of action is in the interests of all countries invited to the Conference, including Australia and New Zealand. United action in the face of Dutch aggression may serve to overcome inter-Asian differences. It may thus prove a landmark, as far as Asia is concerned, and also revitalise the United Nations, which has hitherto shown itself prepared to sacrifice the independence of Asiatic countries to the interests of military alliances in the West.

Cease Fire in Kashmir

India and Pakistan have agreed on a cease-fire in Kashmir; we may assume that both sides are satisfied that the proposals of the Uno Commission for a plebiscite are the fairest that can be devised. The full details of the proposals are not yet available, but it is known that the plebiscite will be conducted under international auspices. It is true that the first step towards an agreement began in London with informal conversations between the two Dominion Premiers during the Commonwealth Conference, but great credit must go to the Uno Commission. This, the first important success of Uno, has been achieved in the East; so far the Western nations have only used Uno as it suits their convenience. For neither Dominion was it easy to arrive at a compromise. Both felt the issues involved as emotionally as Catholics and Orangemen when they talk about partition in Ireland; they had committed themselves to policies from which it has been difficult to retreat in view of the popular support displayed for them. That they have done so is a tribute to their determination to support world organisations for peace. It is also a warning to the Western world that Asia is taking the initiative in setting higher standards for international morality, and that if Europe and America fail to follow suit the prestige that remains to them in the East will fast disappear. It is obvious, of course, that the cease-fire in Kashmir will not at once end all the problems, but it has already caused a marked lifting of the tension between the two Dominions, and may help to develop the mutual trust between India and Pakistan which will make of them the most powerful association in South East Asia. Their own conflict resolved, their influence among the other Asiatic nations will be on a scale not yet realised in Europe.

Anglo-Canadian Trade

In the four-year wheat agreement with Canada concluded in August, 1946, it was stipulated that the price to be paid by Britain during the crop year 1949-50 should be settled by the end of 1948. No agreement, however, has yet been reached, and the task of reconciling the views of the British Government with those of the Canadian farmers is not easy. During the first two years of the contract the price was fixed at $1.55 a bushel, and for the third year ending next July at $2 a bushel. The Canadians now argue that for the first three years of the contract they have been providing Britain with wheat at a cost substantially below the world price, which is to-day about $2.30 a bushel; and they have suggested that for the final year of the contract the price should be fixed at $2.50 a bushel to level things up, or that, alternatively, a lump sum should be paid by Britain by way of compensation for Canada's past "losses." The difficulty arises, first, that Britain is short of dollars to make any substantial lump sum payment; and secondly, that if the 1949-50 wheat price were fixed at a level which proved to be above that ruling in Chicago, the American E.C.A. would almost certainly decline to allow Marshall dollars to be used for "off-shore" purchases of Canadian wheat. In an article which we publish on a later page a Montreal correspondent draws attention to the adverse repercussions on Canada's economy of enforced austerity in the sterling area, and emphasises the anxiety felt by Canadians as to the outlook when Marshall Aid runs out. In these circumstances it may well be that Canadian producers would be less inclined to insist on immediate compensation for the hitherto unfavourable results to them of the wheat contract if the British Government were willing to enter into a fresh agreement providing for a comprehensive programme of food purchases up to, say, 1955.

COMMUNIST CHINA

CHIANG KAI-SHEK could have made peace with the Communists on many occasions in the last three years. He has been prevented mainly by his own obstinacy, by the greed and tenacity of the corrupt group of millionaires who surround him, and by his continued belief, in spite of General Marshall's warning, that in the last resort America could be relied upon to save the Kuomintang. The opportunity for a peace by compromise, for a coalition government or for the regrouping of progressive forces, has passed. To-day, it merely sounds absurd for Chiang Kai-shek to offer, on behalf of his disillusioned followers and starving soldiers, to make terms with the conquering Communists on condition that they safeguard the freedom and living standards of the Chinese people. The Communist radio has answered, in advance, by naming 45 war criminals, among whom are the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, H. H. Kung, the "C.C. Clique," and some others, whose real crime has been to remain loyal to a regime that deserved no loyalty. Even if military operations are slowed down in the coming months of winter, we must assume that in 1949 Canton and Southern China as well as Nanking and Shanghai will come under the control of a Government dominated by the Communists, and that the remnants of the Kuomintang leadership will find refuge in the American continent or perhaps on the island of Formosa which, pending a Japanese treaty, may still legally be occupied by the United States.

These events in China are comparable in size and importance with the Russian revolution of 1917. In many ways the parallel is close: in both cases Communism succeeds, partly because of the ability of its leaders and devotion of its followers, but far more because of the complete collapse of the old social structure under a hopelessly corrupt and inefficient Government. A feudal land system ends when the peasants take the land for themselves. A war administration collapses when the soldiers, seeing nothing to die or kill for, desire only peace and the chance of returning to their villages. There is little to choose between the clique of selfish incompetents in Nanking, embezzling the nation's income, and the equally selfish and incompetent members of the Tsar's court, who gambled and prayed away an empire. Many thousands of the younger Chinese nationalists and patriots have clung loyally to Chiang Kai-shek. Many of them, who had been trained as engineers and technicians in the West, had awaited hopefully that programme of reconstruction which the Kuomintang had promised when the Japanese left Chinese soil. Frustrated and disillusioned, they now readily accept the Communist flag. Opportunity beckons them; the great resources of China may at last be opened up; they look forward to a socialist future. Those who have survived the last years of the Soong dynasty will not be greatly impressed if the West tries to persuade them that private enterprise is superior to Communism.

How this new China develops will depend in part at least on outside forces, on the policy of Moscow and the Western capitals towards nearly five hundred million Chinese. Soviet Communism, it must be recalled, has already a long history in China. In 1926 it was defeated, partly by Chiang Kai-shek with the aid of Western gunboats, but also by its neglect of Chinese national susceptibilities. In the last ten years Moscow has profited by the experience of Borodin. During the long period of Communist Government in the Border Areas, Mao Tse-tung, a Communist leader who had clashed with Borodin in 1926, was able to manage the affairs of Communist China in a Chinese way without Soviet interference or—as far as the world knows—without material aid, from Moscow. Mao's *New Democracy* applies Communist principles to the conditions of Asia. *Das Kapital* and the *Communist Manifesto* have but little meaning for peasant communities. The *New Democracy*, with its programme of land reform and national revolution, has had a wide influence in every Asiatic country. In Communist China to-day Mao Tse-tung's is still the dominant voice. It remains to be seen whether his programme, which liquidates the great landlords, encourages the small and tolerates the middle, will be superseded by one more radical and drastic, now that his armies are reinforced by newly-trained Communist Chinese generals from Moscow. One can only notice the parallel with the arrival after the war in liberated Europe of Moscow Communists. They were largely responsible for destroying the hopes of the combined Resistance parties who had fought together during the war and had jointly planned to create the form of Socialism suited to the stage of their own national development. Certainly the trend of Chinese Communist broadcast propaganda is not to-day encouraging for those who hope that the Chinese revolution will follow a Chinese rather than a purely Soviet course. On the traditional anti-West xenophobia of China is superimposed the least scientific application of Marxist analysis.

There are, however, considerations which forbid us to assume that the new revolutionary China must be immediately and violently anti-Western. Although the collapse of the Kuomintang has made many millions of the followers of Confucius willing to accept the leadership of the disciples of Marx, that does not mean that they have become indoctrinated Marxists or that Chinese Communists can ignore the national peculiarities and traditions of China. China will now be Communist, but it may wear its Communism with a difference. The immense inertia of China, which for 40 centuries has absorbed so many waves of invaders, so many strange cultures and alien doctrines, will not be quickly or easily swept away. Secondly, and more immediately important, let us not forget that there are in China to-day thousands of young Chinese technicians trained in the West, and that Mao Tse-tung has made it clear that Chinese Communism will not repeat the mistake of Russian Communism in waiting for ten years before realising the importance of technicians in building Socialism. China will not need to import technicians from the West as Russia was compelled to do in the first five-year plan. But it must import machinery and the machinery must come from the West. Moreover, the physical development of China cannot be accomplished over-night; prolonged international and civil war has largely destroyed the few communications and the pre-war industries of China. "Socialism," as Lenin said, "equals Soviets plus electricity." For the present, therefore, Chinese Communism is likely to wish to keep on good terms with Western business and to increase trade, not to end it.

We have no doubt about the response which the West should give. In the event of war between Russia and America, Communist China would, of course, be Sovietised and wholly cut off from the West. If peace is maintained, however, we may assume that Chinese needs make possible a wide area of economic and possibly also of cultural co-operation. We in Britain have everything to gain and nothing to lose by such co-operation; we are fortunate in not sharing the odium which Americans have incurred by arming and financing the Kuomintang. Some may argue that co-operation with Communism will prove as impossible in China as it has in Europe. This may well be true, but it ignores two points. The first is the size and complexity of China; it cannot be transformed into a Communist State in a few months. The second is that the attempt to co-operate is the only policy to pursue since the alternative is a total loss of everything Western in China, including Western influence. It is clear that the imperialist or "colonial" attitude is as impossible as it is undesirable. The West has not the power, even if it had the will, to dominate.

How great the influence of a genuinely democratic and friendly approach to China may be we cannot tell. We notice only that the number of Chinese Communists is still a tiny fraction of the population; that, apart from the influence of Moscow, they are not necessarily anti-Western, and that they will prove resistant to any attempt to override their national independence, whether it comes from Moscow or Washington. We know that China will need our manufactures and machinery just as we need her tea and tungsten. In making the attempt to co-operate we have nothing to lose. At the worst, we shall have shown that the West is not entirely the hostile and malignant force suggested by Communist propaganda. What we have to gain is the possibility of friendly co-operation between our own Socialist democracy and the most populous, and potentially the most powerful, country in the world.

FOREIGN LABOUR

THE return of seventy-seven Ukrainians to Germany, thirty-two of them handcuffed and under escort, is the first serious attempt to weed out "undesirables" from the many thousands of foreign workers now resident in Britain. Admittedly these men are in a special category, having been captured from the German Army and brought to this country, together with some eight thousand other Ukrainians, as prisoners of war. Some are now going back of their own accord; those with unsatisfactory records are being sent back willy-nilly, although several hundred more, about whom the authorities are doubtful, are being allowed to stay on here for the time being. But the bulk of these Ukrainians now enjoy the same status as European Voluntary Workers, selected from camps for Displaced Persons and brought to this country by the Ministry of Labour to meet some of the more serious deficiencies in our labour supply.

At the end of 1948, apart from the Ukrainians, there were 76,000 E.V.W.s in Britain, and nearly 80,000 Poles transferred from the Resettlement Corps to civilian employment, making an overall total of about 164,000 workers. Some 20,000 more Poles are not yet settled, and a large number of these are officers who are unwilling or even physically unable to take manual work. Britain, to-day, has thus taken in nearly 200,000 immigrants, not so much out of sentiment as in the hope that they will play a useful part in our economic recovery. This total is far greater than the figure suggested in the Economic Survey for 1947, which estimated that approximately 100,000—including the Poles—would be enough both to meet the need and to be absorbed without friction.

These statistics raise several important questions. Have we now reached a point at which we should stop this sort of immigration? Have we put these recruits to good use? And are they—and those who are still being selected from camps in Germany and Austria—people whom we are ready one day to accept as citizens?

The first two questions are related, for the quality and kind of work done matter as much as numbers. Without this foreign labour, it is true, the essential industries of coal, textiles and agriculture would suffer still more from lack of manpower. None of these three reached their target for the end of 1948. Agriculture, which came the nearest, employed a total of 37,000 Poles and European Workers. The textile industry, some 80,000 workers short at the end of the year, had absorbed around 10,000 foreign workers. In the coal industry, in spite of the use of slightly more than 11,000 aliens, the number of workers on colliery books missed the target by about

25,000. In the coalfields, moreover, hostility on the part of the miners to the employment of men whom they dislike politically and distrust psychologically, has forced the National Coal Board to suspend further recruitment. The remainder of these workers have been placed in miscellaneous employment, of which domestic service is the most important numerically, and in many cases have not merely done useful work but have begun to integrate themselves in their new environment. Nevertheless, it seems that we cannot continue much longer to take in new workers by the thousand, and that far more rigid conditions should be laid down for the selection of those that may yet come.

Apart from the general consideration that 200,000 aliens form a social group large enough to create serious problems of assimilation, it is now clear that our need is not indiscriminately for extra pairs of hands, but for men and women either trained or really capable of training in special and essential jobs. We cannot afford to take any more simply because there is nowhere else they can go: they must be able to meet our specific needs and responsible enough to understand that they come because they can work and not merely because we are sorry for them. If necessary, we must be firm enough to send back all those who have not proved themselves good workers or potentially suitable for naturalisation, and so make room for others who are.

This raises, of course, what is perhaps the most difficult question. Has the present process of selection admitted many undesirables and, if it has, what standards can we lay down for further selection on the Continent and for a new screening here? First of all, it is clear that illiterates are an economic liability. The language and cultural difficulties are already great enough without adding to them. Secondly, the mentally deficient, the sick and the aged should not be eligible for selection. If they are to come to Britain for charitable reasons—and there are undoubtedly many deserving cases—that is a different matter. But the line between them and people capable of real work should be sufficiently clear to avoid any chance of their slipping through the screen. Thirdly, there should be a much closer check on the past career of "volunteers," who may have managed to conceal political or criminal records which would otherwise render them ineligible. Clearly, people who are just part of the flotsam left by the surge of war, should not be penalised because they have no wish to return to their old homes. But there is no doubt that the camps for Displaced Persons still contain many people with pasts they wish to hide and the general relaxation of screening regulations—of which the steady emasculation of denazification rules is but a part—may let through many who under normal conditions would never be permitted to enter this country. Fourthly, those already here who have proved by their behaviour that they will be a nuisance—and the kind of life thousands of these people have led for the past ten years is not a good training in social responsibility—should either be returned or, if the case merits it, given proper help in adjusting themselves. The same applies to those who turn out to be unwilling to work or unsuitable.

These conditions may seem rather harsh, but experience has shown already that they are necessary. It is important, however, to distinguish between honest and hard-working people, who after years of suffering are now settled in a foreign country, learning to accept the climate and to master the language, and the relatively small group of imposters and demoralised immigrants. The former, once accepted, should be given every encouragement to make a success of their new lives and to become part of our national life—including, perhaps, more lenient conditions for naturalisation in worthy cases. The latter, who should never have got here in the first place, must go.

Some of the complaints againt the European Workers—not so much against the Poles, who have long been with us—arise partly from prejudice, misunderstanding, and the similar difficulties that arise when a group of people with an entirely different background are suddenly thrust in established communities. But there are other criticisms which are justified. Undoubtedly, some of the volunteers have come here primed with the stories that circulate through the D.P. camps, describing England as a home of rest and plenty, and reporting, not without reason, unfortunately, that supervision is so lax that it is easy to get along with a minimum of effort. It might be salutary if the idle and inefficient—and there are some who refuse to work and still draw 90 shillings a week—were either refused pay until they did or summarily returned to Europe.

This criticism, we repeat, is not true of the majority, but it applies to far too many of the volunteers. It is the slow, the unwilling and the nuisance makers who remain in camp here, because they cannot be placed elsewhere. It is among these that the first effort should be made to eliminate those who are a drain upon the country and a discredit to their fellows. At the same time, the selection process should be overhauled. There are still thousands of genuine and acceptable workers, rural and industrial, apart from the younger people who are capable of training, left in the camps in Europe, still herded together in dormitories and subject to increasing demoralisation by their failure to escape to a new life and to work again. The point is to find them, to make a serious effort to absorb them in Britain, and to clear out the rubbish among those who have already come.

CANADA AND THE ABBOTT PLAN

A YEAR ago the Abbott Plan to remedy Canada's shortage of American dollars was unfolded over the radio to a rather dumbfounded nation. No parliamentary discussion preceded this momentous change in Canada's way of life; the Plan was not approved by the Commons until some three months later. Now, after a year of operation, the Plan has succeeded in raising Canada's reserve of U.S. dollars by some 300 millions; but it has done this at a very considerable cost. The *Financial Post* says that Canadian exporters face losses of 75 per cent to 90 per cent of their trade with Empire areas. Trade with Eastern Europe has died a political death; Western Europe under the Marshall Plan, gets its food through E.R.P., or must raise its own; and exports to Australia and New Zealand are now at the 1938 level or below, with lesser volume at higher prices.

The Marshall Plan has so far brought $328 millions to Canada, every bit for raw materials. Even the Tory *Montreal Gazette* points out ruefully that Canadian flour going to Europe bears the American E.R.P. stamp. While Canada ships its wheat and cattle, its nickel and uranium, its forests in the form of newsprint and its waterpower in the form of aluminium, while it prepares to ship its iron ore from Ungava, all for U.S. dollars, these basic industries and many Canadian factories pay their dividends in American dollars to their American owners. The Government finds U.S. exchange to meet these payments, though it has no hesitation in telling other countries, including Britain, that their investors must take their profits in Canadian money. In 1947, over $180 millions went over the Border in dividends, and over $90 millions in interest; and 1948 will undoubtedly show a higher total. If even half of this had to be accepted in Canadian money, and so re-invested in Canada, dollar stringency would be eased—temporarily.

The Plan had five sections. It restricted to $150 the amount which could be taken out for pleasure travel in U.S. dollar countries. The ordinary Canadian doesn't complain about that, since funds for health and business travel are available, and voyages to the British West Indies are encouraged. No purchases may be brought back from the U.S., but Customs searches are not very severe, and considerable minor smuggling of nylons and gadgets probably goes on. Wholesale imports are a different matter. Last winter, all fresh vegetables were forbidden; oranges, grapefruit and bananas came in under a quota. This regulation is now slightly relaxed, to permit tomatoes in bulk, and some other things. Because the Geneva agreement forbade discrimination between countries, tomatoes from Bahamas and Mexico were likewise excluded, which brought disaster to the planters.

Next, a long list of manufactured goods, mostly machinery, was put under a permit system, which took six months to get in working order. Radios, jewellery, cars, typewriters, and many such things were excluded entirely and still are. Canadian manufacturers were urged to increase sales of these articles in the American market; but, since many of the Canadian plants are simply branches of American firms, they are hardly likely to offer competition in the American market, or in any others, for that matter. One of the Latin American Consuls was quite indignant because he could not persuade a radio-manufacturing firm in Montreal to make 20,000 small receivers to sell in his country. He was told it was not in their allotted market.

A further provision of the Plan was the imposition of a 25 per cent excise tax on certain durable consumers' goods, such as motors, refrigerators, and so on. This was so bad a measure, and such a protest arose, that, after about ten months of strangling the home market by excessive prices, it was revoked, as it had been applied, by Order-in-Council. Meanwhile, $300 millions were borrowed from the Export-Import Bank for temporary relief. Only $140 millions were used, and this was repaid in August by a 3 per cent loan from the three big insurance companies in New York, necessitating more interest payments in U.S. dollars. Finally a bonus was given the gold mines, as a sop to those howling for devaluation of the Canadian dollar. Such devaluation would have been the last straw to the importer and would have chiefly aided the gold producers and the paper-pulp mills. The gold mines got the bonus, the metal keeps moving to Fort Knox; the mills raised the price of newsprint. Propaganda made it a patriotic duty to save and turn in American money. All last summer the radio pounded between broadcasts: "Canada NEEDS American dollars."

Today, though the actual balance of payments looks a little better, misgivings still persist. The same week in October that restrictions on vegetables were eased, a reduction of 18 per cent in steel imports at the request of the U.S. was announced. This will amount to 200,000 tons before the end of 1948, and will hinder building of homes and factories. Two years must go by before Canada can expand its blast-furnace capacity to make up the difference. Two months ago Canada lifted its embargo on cattle sales to the U.S. Now the *Statistical Review* notes that the rapid drain of this meat on the hoof accounts for the shortage of fats and hides, not to mention the higher price of steak, and that some of the U.S. funds thus acquired must be used to buy back lard and soya bean oil and perhaps leather.

The Deputy Minister of Commerce, M. W. Mackenzie, recently blurted out to the Association of Canadian Exporters that "Canadian commerce is in a serious dilemma. The commerce of a great number of our traditional clients will be regimented for some time to come." The Western farmer has come to depend on the British and European market. He certainly can't sell his wheat to the U.S. for its own use; now he fears that he can sell it abroad only through the Marshall Plan. And when that ends, what then? A third of Canada's population lives on export trade. The Abbott Plan, with the Marshall Plan, is steering it in one direction. Just now there is full employment, due to re-armament and the backlog of consumer demand. But if depression hits the U.S., Canada's eggs will all be smashed in the one basket; there will be no cushion of Empire and European trade.

Montreal MIRIAM CHAPIN

A LONDON DIARY

I SUPPOSE there may have been a few of the four million readers of the *Daily Express* foolish enough to be misled by its comments on Sir John Boyd Orr's appearance in the New Year's Honours List. "One man is elevated to the peerage for being the prophet of woe, and for being wrong in his predictions too." So far from being wrong, Sir John's predictions are scientific statements of what will happen unless the right steps are taken. His disclosure in the '30s of the quantity and character of malnutrition in this country provided the basis for the rationing system which brought us out of the war a healthier nation than we went into it. His foresight on world needs led to the creation of the F.A.O. As its Director General he intervened effectively by promoting measures to deal with the dangerous food shortage of 1946. He induced the nations to control and share the reduced post-war supplies. A prophet gets no credit for forestalling his own prophecies, and few people have realised how much Sir John Boyd Orr did at the Washington Conference to avert a famine situation. Further, when the *Express* talks about there being "a surplus in the world of almost every kind of foodstuff", it convicts itself to an almost incredible degree of callous ignorance. Because America has a surplus which may be bought in dollars, therefore Sir John Boyd Orr is talking nonsense about world famine! Surely the *Daily Express* should know that Sir John is concerned with the whole world problem of population, of soil erosion and the diminishing return of the land, with the thousand million people in the world (including those in the Colonies for whom the *Express* professes so much concern) who are living precariously on the very brink of starvation. This *Daily Express* surplus, when it exists, is in America alone; it cannot be bought by the hungry, and Sir John's World Food Board was intended to correct world maldistribution. What fun Communists must have doing propaganda among hungry Asiatic and Africans with such examples of puerile selfishness displayed in the mighty organs of capitalist opinion!

* * *

"I have come to the conclusion," writes Mr. Ivor Thomas in the *Evening Standard*, "that it is more sensible to be a Conservative in the Conservative Party than to be one in the Socialist Party." This is a great discovery. Mr. Thomas does not explain how he came to make it. My puzzle from the first time I met him was why anyone whose Conservatism was of so virulent a type should ever have joined a party with a working-class and Socialist basis. For Ivor Thomas, though clever, in an academic sense, is stultified by natural conventionality. His opinions and reactions seem to come out of Conservative and Catholic handbooks. He instinctively says the thing that is calculated to quench any spark of originality or appetite for social change. Such men are the backbone of Conservatism; they yearn for the security of the big battalions just as radical idealists, in revolt against authority, are never happy unless in a minority. There is no mystery here. The mystery is why, if we exclude mere band-wagon jumping as a motive, Mr. Thomas ever joined Labour, and why, when he discovered his error, he thought it necessary to revile the party which, for a time at least, had done him the honour of allowing him to serve, however unsuccessfully, as a junior Minister.

* * *

The British attitude to animals is odd and inconsistent, but in comparison with that of many peoples, generally creditable. Certainly cruelty is rarer, more specialised and more condemned here than, say, in Mediterranean countries. It also seems to me to have decreased in the course of the last generation. When I was a boy the sight of terrified cattle being chased wildly through the streets to market, beaten over the head with totally unnecessary violence, horrified me, and the shrieks of pigs, dying slowly with knives in their throats, remain with me as the symbol of human callousness. These things are better done to-day; most animals, I'm told, are "humanely" killed; even pigs are electrocuted. I believe that animals still suffer quite unnecessarily before death, being often kept for many hours without food or water. I am also far from satisfied that killing is always "humane"; a friend who keeps geese was unable to send them to market for Christmas because of what butchers told him of the difficulty of wringing the necks of these tough-necked creatures. Another case of cruelty, which we have failed so far adequately to deal with, is the use of the steel trap which pulls off the legs, not only of rabbits but cats and dogs. I also wish Parliament had some way of dealing with the even more terrible process by which women are provided with furs to hang round their necks and cover their backs.

* * *

In these matters we are in the realm of rational argument. Directly, however, we touch the problem of blood sports reason disappears altogether. Cruelty to dogs and horses excites the fury of the English more than any other suffering. It is most marked amongst those who use the dogs and horses for the purpose of chasing and killing the stag and the fox. The only way to make them even more angry is to support the efforts of less discriminating humanitarians who urge that stags, badgers, foxes and otters do not, in fact, like being hunted to death. The passion with which this fantastic proposition is maintained is only explicable on the ground that hunting is a social rite carrying with it the sanctity of a religion. The leaflets going round the pubs just now about nationalising English inns are less extraordinary to my mind than the similar documents denouncing a private Member's proposal to eliminate blood sports. These are now being widely circulated and signed; they include lyrical passages about the unequalled happiness to be found in the sound and sights of the countryside. Sportsmen are asked if they remember, for instance, "the walk up to The Withins on a February morning"; "the splash of a lusty trout rising in the gathering dusk"; they are told to remember "generations to follow and that great heritage of sport which it is for you to preserve and pass on." Clearly it is useless to argue with a poet. But it would not be difficult to convey in equally evocative language the fury some of us have felt as we have seen the countryside we love made hideous by huntsmen harrying stags into the sea and fetching them in motor boats, digging out foxes and tearing to pieces luckless otters and harmless badgers.

* * *

Violent crime is always "news." Some especially outrageous cases in London recently have coincided with the increased size of newspapers, with the result that the public has an impression of a dramatic increase in crime to be met by equally dramatic police innovations. Actually the conference of senior police officers at Scotland Yard "spotlighted" in some sections of the Press is a routine affair: discussion about the reduction of the number of "desk men" is a hardy item on the agenda. The reported use of "small observation cars" not recognisable as police vehicles is no new thing, though its extension is obviously worth trying. The deployment of limited man-power to the best advantage remains, of course, the central police problem, and, I think, there is substance in the view that the regular police have to spend too much time harrying the motorist. More patrolling would give the public a greater feeling of security. But let us first note that the number of armed robberies in London is decreasing not increasing. In the first eleven months of 1948 there was 29 per cent. less armed robberies as compared with the figure for the whole of 1947, and arrests were up by 7 per cent. No ground for complacency, of course, but none for panic either. It still seems to me that arrests and convictions, presumably for their statistical value, attract the police more than prevention—but that, I suppose, must await the long-sought increase in man-power.

The cover of the winter issue (just published) of *Asian Horizon* presents the untroubled face of a bronzed stone Buddha. The original of this head may be seen in the Exhibition of Buddhist Art now open at the Berkeley Galleries. This is the first Exhibition I've known in the West End devoted to Buddhist Art. It includes exquisite work of all periods from China, Tibet, Siam, Burma, Korea, India, Ceylon and, perhaps most interesting of all, Gandhara where between the second and fourth centuries B.C. the classical art of Greece blended with Buddhist art. The same issue of *Asian Horizon* includes an expert account of this Berkeley collection by Mr. Cottie A. Burland. What appears to me strange is that scholars who would be ashamed of being caught out on any point of detail about Greece in the third century B.C. and experts who regard those as uneducated who cannot at once recognise every Greco-Italian style from the fifth century B.C. to the fifteenth century A.D. seem completely unaware of the whole world of history and art that lies to the East of the Bosphorus.

* * *

It was not until I got home the other day that I realised that the book in my hand had come off the shelves of a bookshop, though I had not mentioned to the bookseller my intention of taking it. It was lucky for me that he had not noticed my absentmindedness, for shoplifting has become so common a crime that no plea of good character or respectability will any longer get you off. This fact was brought home to me by a recent case in which a woman bought a pair of socks for her husband at a popular stores, watched the girl at the counter cut out the coupons and paid her the exact amount. The girl went to the cash register with the money, and the lady, instead of waiting for her to return to make a parcel of the socks, put them into her own handbag. She was arrested by the store detective as she left the shop. She at once asked to be confronted with the girl who had served her. This, I should have thought, necessary precaution, was refused. She was kept in a room at the police station for an hour-and-a-half, during which time the police sergeant appeared, on several occasions, to ask if she had changed her mind and would like to confess. By the time the case came before the courts, the girl behind the counter had naturally forgotten her amongst thousands of other customers. She was convicted and fined £10. It may be suggested that I am perhaps giving one side of the story and that this lady was guilty. I cannot prove that she was not. What shocks me about the story is apparent neglect of the obvious safeguards of justice.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

It was not from a volume of the works of John Donne (poet and divine, 1573-1631) that Sir Hartley Shawcross got his closing quotation.

His secretary got it from a film company official, who copied it from a programme of the picture "For Whom the Bell Tolls," based on Ernest Hemingway's novel.—*Daily Mirror*. (Mrs. William King.)

The baby Prince is reported to be doing well, and to be a very healthy active boy, who behaves day and night as a Prince might be expected to do.—*Nursing Mirror*. (W. A. Macfarlane.)

The book trade, too, is considering the issue of fairy stories with a mining angle.—*Daily Mirror*. (J. B. Goodwin.)

The man who assumes public office should regard himself as a public trust. He must never permit his office, even unwittingly, to be made a public convenience by the self-seeking and the unscrupulous. —*Daily Mirror*. (P. C. Hyatt.)

Major ——, to emphasise his dominance and masculinity, threw a cardboard clock-face at the wall.—*Liverpool Echo.* (G. Westmore.)

The square is one of many behind Oxford Street. The garden gates are locked against all but residents and beside them stands a notice: "Only the very smallest dogs, in charge of owners, are allowed in these gardens off the leash. All other dogs, and all dogs in charge of servants, must be kept on the leash."—*Manchester Guardian.* (I. Abrahamsohn.)

FOUR YEARS' HARD

NEVER a Four-Year Plan
So grinding, gloomy and grim!
It's a knock-out blow for the common man
When he learns it is up to him.
Work—work—work!
With erstwhile incentives barred,
And we face the facts with a nasty jerk—
A programme of four years' hard.

Work—work—work!
Till targets have passed their peak;
None may slacken or shirk,
Off with the five-day week!
All conscripted alike—
Industry *ventre-a-terre*!
But Oh! for the hard-won right to strike,
And the leisure of *laissez-faire*!

Taxed—taxed—taxed!
Till blood comes out of the stone!
The iron chain will not be relaxed,
And taxpayers may not groan!
But Oh! for the good old labour feuds,
Sigh workers at bench and loom
As they manufacture consumer goods
Which they will never consume.

Break—break—break!
On thy cold grey stones, Oh Cripps!
As the workers sweat for sterling's sake,
They know they have had their chips.
We toil not for more, but less,
And why should we not despond?
If the short-term plan achieves success
There's a long-term Plan beyond!

Work—work—work!
Ploughing ahead full-steam!
With never a ray to pierce the murk
As we sprint in the Marshall team.
Never so stern a call!
Never White Paper so black!
But there's one comfort, however small—
The Four-Year Plan is no plan at all,
But Old Cripps' Almanac.

SAGITTARIUS

IMPARTIAL ARMING

FIGHTING in Palestine has now been going on for one year, one month and one week—since December 1st, 1947. On that December day only 75,000 Arabs and Jews were in any way equipped for war, and poorly at that. Now, fifty-seven weeks later, over 250,000 Arabs and Jews have been raised and equipped with arms, guns and planes. And more than three-quarters of the equipment used in this Palestine war, by both sides, is British.

Obviously, there has been a lot of selling, and providing, of arms during these thirteen months, and it did not all come from the Czech Skoda works. The story, it must be recalled, started before last October's Negev incident. In January and February of last year, when the Mandatory Power still claimed sole authority over the internal security of Palestine, the Arab Liberation Army under Fawzi el Kaukji established its headquarters at Tubas in central Palestine. From there it raised a force some 6,000 strong; it was equipped with jeeps, weapons and a few armoured cars brought openly across the frontier from Transjordan and Syria. Some of its equipment was French; most of it derived from British supplies to Iraq, Transjordan and Egypt.

Attention was directed to this curious exercise of internal security at a number of Foreign Office press conferences. The answer—somewhat cynically given—was that there was no evidence that these were arms supplied to other Arab States, and that it was no longer "within the bounds of strength" of British forces in Palestine to stop this traffic. At a rough guess I should say that the British forces in Palestine numbered about ten times as much as the Jews who stopped the six Arab armies a month later, and British equipment was about a hundred times better.

While this open and admitted arms traffic proceeded unchecked across the land frontier, two British destroyers patrolled the short sea coast of Palestine day and night. There was never a moment in Tel Aviv when one or the other was not visible like a shadow on the horizon that can never be shaken off. They were most effective: no arms reached the Jews. Hence, it was hardly surprising that there was a feeling locally that the British were displaying a certain partiality in the execution of internal security, particularly as the land forces that could not be found to patrol the frontier were busy in Jerusalem and Haifa disarming any Jewish patrol they came across.

That was what might be called the first phase. The second period started with the completion of the arming of the Liberation Army. In April, Fawzi el Kaukji descended from the hills with some 2,000 men and attacked the Jewish settlement of Mishmar Haemek. He surrounded it, and for five days shelled it with seven French 75 mm. guns which he had just received. All this took place six weeks before the expiry of the Mandate, four miles from the main R.A.F. airfield in Palestine and 12 miles from Haifa. R.A.F. planes were in the air throughout the fight. A company of Hussars was stationed close by.

I recall an incident typical of this second phase: During the night, at the local H.Q., a conversation between el Kaukji and Haifa was intercepted. Kaukji said that he had exhausted his petroleum supplies. Next morning, driving down the road from Sarid to Haifa—which is also the road from Haifa to Jenin, where Kaukji had the bulk of the Liberation Army—we passed nine motor tanks from the Haifa refineries. They were accompanied by 34 armed vehicles of the Arab Legion, commanded by a jeep containing four British officers. It passed right through the Jewish battle area. It did not reinforce local faith in the scrupulous impartiality of the Mandatory Power.

Then came the British withdrawal from Palestine. This again was accompanied by a series of incidents. There was the case of Sarafand Camp, probably the finest in the Middle East. It houses 30,000, and is on the main Tel Aviv Jerusalem highway; it almost borders on the Jewish settlement of Rishon le Zion. It was within the area allocated to the Jews. They wanted the camp very badly.

David Horowitz was authorised by his authorities to pay up to a million pounds for it, but to strike the best bargain he could. The deal was settled by the Colonel in charge and initialled. The Jews would pay £600,000. A few days later the Jews were told that the deal had not been signed, as the Chief Secretary, Sir Henry Guerney, had not approved of selling the camp to the Jews. A few days later the Colonel returned and said the deal was on again. What would the Jews pay? They offered £400,000, and, to their surprise, the Colonel accepted. It was to be formally signed that evening.

Late that night the Jews were informed that, on instruction from London, the deal was off. It had been decided to allow Arab units to occupy the camp. They did. Forty-eight hours later a Jewish force of fifty boys climbed into the camp by way of ropes slung across the trees. The Arabs left. The Jews had it—for nothing. The British had lost £600,000, and much more. Their word was not rated very highly after that. There were similar incidents at Tel Litwinsky and one or two smaller camps. Also about this time a Mr. Livingstone, British Trade Commissioner in Amman, called the managers of the Shell Company and of the Soccony Vacuum Company in Haifa to a conference with Brigadier Glubb Pasha in Amman. The subject discussed was the transfer of oil stocks which might fall into Jewish hands from Lydda airport to Transjordan. Livingstone also proposed that arrangements should be made for the supply of oil to Transjordan. At the same time the Haifa oil supplies were taken out by two large tankers and a considerable amount transferred to Beirut in the Lebanon. The stage was set for May 15th.

When the war came in earnest on that day and Spitfires dived freely over Tel Aviv and any other target they cared for, the dividends of British neutrality were being cashed. The Jews had nothing worth mentioning—except hope and extraordinary self-confidence, which might have been lessened had the public been aware with what meagre means the Arab invasion had to be met. Daily, Egyptian Spitfires and Iraqi Ansons came to bomb; Egyptian 25-pounders and 4.2 guns—all of British make—shelled the settlements in the Negev, while the Legion's 25-pounders under the command of Brigadier Lash pounded Jerusalem, and another British officer commanded the Legion's force at Latrun.

The Jews had nothing to match this. They had two 65 mm. artillery pieces on wooden wheels which were first used against the Syrians and then rushed south to Latrun; they dated, I believe, from 1911. They had nothing in the air to stop the bombing. The Greeks had impounded Israel-bound aircraft, which had landed *en route*. There was, however, still faith in Tel Aviv that the Security Council would stop this.

The Council did meet on May 15th. Sir Alexander Cadogan did not speak until the 18th. He had doubts about an American proposal to invoke Article 39 on the grounds that there was a threat to peace. A week passed. The attack continued on Jerusalem and Tel Aviv—and in the Negev. The United Kingdom sat silent at the Council table until May 22nd. Again Sir Alexander roused himself to oppose the application of strong measures to halt the invasion. Instead, he proposed a tame resolution, asking, not ordering, that the fighting should be stopped within 36 hours. This was carried. Forty-eight hours passed. The attack continued. The Syrians asked for another forty-eight hours for the Arabs to deliberate. Sir Alexander warmly supported the request for the delay. Twice 48 hours passed and nothing happened. On the 28th Sir Alexander again opposed hasty action. He proposed another resolution which might lead to halting the fighting without the pressure of the sanctions chapter of the Charter. The heat was off.

The Arabs went on. Next day the Jewish quarter of the old city of Jerusalem capitulated. Sir Alexander's resolution was voted on. Thirteen days later the Cease Fire came into force. During this long interval, the only noteworthy feature of British policy at the Security Council was its significant silence; it showed no anxiety about the continued fighting and bombing and shelling in the Negrev, or in Jerusalem or Tel Aviv. That was to come later when its direction changed. It was not until July 13th that Sir Alexander thought the time for strong measures had come: the day before the Jews had captured Lydda and Ramleh, and the tide of war was turning.

The end of the first period of fighting found all the armies in the field with supplies nearly exhausted. The Egyptians were running out of artillery ammunition; the Legion was getting short; the Jews were desperately in need of supplies. There were people ready to sell to all-comers—and some who were more discriminate. The Czech Skoda rifle found its way to both sides; Italian planes reached the Egyptians; jeeps arrived in Iraq; two ships with supplies for the Legion arrived in Akaba, and at dark of one night

a British ship with an Egyptian crew unloaded American and British equipment in Tel Aviv. It was a struggle for life and death, and no holds were barred. But what really went on during this period can only be judged by results. The Egyptians came back on July 9th with tanks and guns and with their ammunition stocks refilled; so did the Legion. The Iraqi contingent had swollen from 1,500 to 5,000 men, and doubled again during the second truce. The Egyptians have Fiat fighters which they did not have a month ago; the Jews have Fortresses and Messerschmidts. The truth is that in one way or another the arming of both sides has never ceased from the moment the fight started. The existence of the truce has made supply more difficult and more expensive, but it has not stopped it. There is no doubt that the Czechs did supply the Jews. But had they not done so, I wonder what kind of editorials would have been written on the occasion of the fall of Tel Aviv and the failure of the United Nations and the sad fate of the Jews.

JON KIMCHE

HIGHLAND WATER POWER

THE North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board is an enterprise that came into being during the war. Though none of its new water-driven turbines is yet in operation, its projects have already altered the face of the Highlands and promise, for better or for worse, to alter its way of life. A great deal is claimed for the Board in its influence on the Highlands. Rivers and reservoirs are seen, perhaps with too quick an optimism, as the basis of a new Highland scene, where busy, industrious townships and productive acres will take the place of backwardness and decay. It is very easy to assume with the technocrat that such a change is bound to be a good thing.

The Board's undertakings are so vast, its purpose so closely knit to a region of mountain and valley, that it has retained its autonomy outside the British Electricity Authority. In a compressed and undefined way it is a kind of T.V.A. It is interested in all manner of things, from the preservation of salmon and the improvement of hotels (tourist development) to the mechanical drying of hay and the ultra-violet irradiation of livestock (agricultural development). It is to provide power for easily-run homes (domestic stability) and for towns both decrepit and hypothetic (industrial and cultural advancement). But its primary commitment, and what was presumably the cause of the Board's creation, is its promise to meet about one-seventh of the present total British demand for electricity. That output will result from projects either in hand or about to be started, and it by no means exhausts the potential of the Highlands.

The Board is bound to provide primarily for the domestic and industrial needs of the Highlands. Consumers are assisted in the installation of electrical equipment. All surplus electricity will find a guaranteed market with the British Electricity Authority, who will pay for it at the rate operating in the Authority's most economical steam-generating plant. The general consumer in Britain, both as householder, worker, and mine-owner, could not have a better bargain. The Board believes that this export of its surplus will allow it to pay off its capital loan in about eighty years, besides earning sufficient for the assisted supply of electricity in the Highlands.

The nature of the Board is interesting. For years before the war no parliamentary sanction was forthcoming for Highland hydro-electric schemes. During the war Mr. Tom Johnston, then Secretary of State for Scotland, appointed the Cooper Committee, which estimated that the Highlands could put out four thousand million units annually. In August, 1943, the Hydro-Electric Development (Scotland) Act was passed, constituting the Board which subsequently announced its first target of over six thousand million units annually. The Board is non-profit-making and has to pay its way. Its money came initially as loans from Scottish banks, who had for security a Treasury guarantee. It is the mixed off-spring of war emergency, capitalist finance and Socialist planning.

In its public relations the Board emphasises the new deal it is bringing the Highlands. It has some justification for regarding its endeavours with self-congratulation, as it is one of the two most positive factors in the Highlands at present, the other being the more patient and less spectacular work of re-settlement carried on by the Department of Agriculture. In a publication stating the aims and objects of the Board there is an enthusiastic paragraph:

> Electricity can be an important factor, if not indeed the major factor, in bringing about the re-population and regeneration of the Highlands and Islands; it can assist very greatly in the expansion and economic improvement of existing industries—agriculture, fisheries, tweed-making, and so on—and its abundant availability at a comparatively low cost will attract new industries.

It is difficult to see just how far a sudden access of twentieth-century power will influence communities which, in many of their techniques, are of an older age. It may be, for example, that the agricultural revolution can be transmitted on high-voltage lines. It may be that the process will also destroy the Highlands. What is lacking is not only a comprehensive policy for the Highlands, but a definition of purpose. There is a world of difference—the world of the Gaelic-speakers in fact—between regeneration and industrial exploitation. The Highland way of life is a delicate thing that cannot be tampered with very much. It might be best to make its old age as comfortable as possible. By all means let there be refrigerators and automatic toasters and egg-boilers, but a very different future is behind the talk of industries being so developed that there may be need of bigger ports for the export trade. Industrial exploitation, on a not very large scale, will finish off the Highlander as such. He will have to die before he is born again into a world of factories and power-lines.

What one can see is that the Highlands may house a nexus of generating stations which, apart from the toasters and the refrigerators and assistance to husbandry and forestry, will be apart from and irrelevant to the needs of the dwindling people. Too much emphasis, perhaps, has been laid on the continuing depopulation, for this is a symptom of social decay; it is not the disease itself.

At present, Highland populations are unhealthy and ill-balanced, not because of their small size but because of disproportionate age-groups and a lack of communal life and purpose. The extremely high percentage of elderly people means that, if considerable new work is provided, then the workers must also be provided. Except in a few centres such as Fort William, the Highlands have lost the power of assimilation. An influx of foreign workers—people from beyond the Highland line—would swamp and destroy the Highland way of life, which many, including the present Secretary of State for Scotland, believe it is their duty to preserve, though they are less certain about their methods. The possibility of thriving nodes of industry and growing seaports is not a vision that those who know the Highlands can entertain with pleasure. The Highlander himself is magnificently disinterested. The attraction of new industries to cheap power will not solve the Highland problem, if it can be solved at all in the interests of the Highlander.

Thus the Board is a potential blessing and curse. If it can help the crofter and the fisher, if it can develop communal working of land and communal marketing, and the very lightest of industries to keep at least some of the younger generation in the North, then that should be its aim. A report recently published by the West Highland Survey indicates a very reasonable and sound development, more in line with the Department of Agriculture's work. The findings of the report suggest that the surest regeneration lies in sheep farming, dairy farming and aforestation, where there can be growth that is native to the region, while maintaining the relative freedom of the crofter and small farmer—at present the freedom of a very rude necessity.

If the Highlander is to be enticed by power-looms and engineering works, then let it remain the enticement of the South. The spacious loveliness of the Highlands is a refuge too precious to be trifled with. Though the land is rugged and vast and will stand much, the people may easily perish through a surfeit of good intentions or through plain exploitation. One seventh of Britain's electricity is a lethal charge.

NEIL MCCALLUM

NAPLES, 1948

A HONEY-COMB of houses, peeling and stained, glow
For a moment in transfers of orange and blue, a sunset
Washed up on the villas that flutter like patches
Of flesh on Vesuvius—then, drawn near on a slow
Circumference of sea, the buildings blink and fret
Like analysed patients. Our eyes probe as the bay catches
Its breath, and we disentangle the miraculous from the death
Of the living, a cult of elegant restraint twined
Round these pillars. Below, the slums fester in refined
But elementary tortures, and ennui conjugates itself on rusted bedsteads
Where the waterfront's eyes are black sockets inhabited
By lust, and dilapidation repeats what has already been said.
Yet wonderfully this antique beauty wanders like a woman
And what was drab, haphazard, becomes human.

It seems here a perpetual afternoon—the streets,
Deformed with beggars, burn a powdered white, the olive
Taxis tinny in their idle rows as horses stamp their feet
Resigned as envoys under nursing flies; and always eyes
Of women under shapeless clothes say "Give".—
The sea moons and glitters, molten with a mist
That puts the towns of all the islands out like sight,
And yachts, like paper boats, seem waiting to catch fire,
The bay imprisoned by two clenched volcanic fists.
In some great doldrum, the human cringes into the inhuman
Cauldron, this mauve-hilled bowl where men and women
Move in antique, classic forms, but yet are worn through fluency
Of feeling—their defenceless beauty lacks the final pride
Of Truth, whose pedestal remains, but not its constancy.
Then sunset turns the anchored gulf upon its side.

And in the tenements, the people slowly stir,
Prepare for habitual conversation or put on pleasure
Like a collar. Sorrento and the outer islands blur;
The sea becomes a gull that insulates their treasure.
But inland the heat scarcely lessens; we cannot presume
Sleep until it comes. Instead, through lingering streets
Our effigies, our other selves, wander or, dreaming, assume
Other lives, while sweat pours out on blistered café seats
We only pay for with abstemiousness. Nobody bothers now
About the public artificial vices; all that happens,
Happens here in private. The decomposing houses, row on row,
Put on their lights, and darkness falls, increasingly misshapen.

ALAN ROSS

ANTRYCIDE

If an explorer had suddenly announced that he had discovered a New World twice as big as Europe, one and a half times the size of the United States, and as vast as China, the news could not have been more significant than the announcement of the new drug, Antrycide, last week. By liberating a belt of Equatorial Africa, 4½ million square miles in extent, from the tyranny of the tsetse fly, the drug can make possible an increase in animal husbandry and crop cultivation for which the world is desperately looking.

This drug, perfected after four years' research by the same Imperial Chemical Industry team which evolved Paludrine, the master-drug for malaria, can both prevent and cure the several trypanosomiasis diseases, caused by the bite of tsetse fly, in cattle and other animals. These diseases are akin to the sleeping sickness which the tsetse produces in man, but it is not yet claimed that the drug will be effective in human cases. That, however, is of less account, since there are already various treatments for the human form of the disease, and sleeping sickness has, in recent years, declined as a serious affliction of mankind. But, in the animal world, the tsetse fly diseases take such a toll as to render vast tracts of Africa untenable. As Colonel Rees-Williams, who, as Colonial Under-Secretary, announced the discovery of the drug, said: "The tsetse is the real ruler of Africa to-day."

Within a belt from approximately 15 degs. N. to 15 degs. S., the tsetse has been continuously extending its empire. That area includes practically all the European colonies, British, French, Belgian and Portuguese, as well as Abyssinia and Liberia. Apart from two relatively small parts of the Housa country in Northern Nigeria, the whole of West Africa is beset by it to the virtual exclusion of all farm animals and, consequently, of proper soil-tillage. In East Africa, one of the biggest handicaps to the Ground Nuts Scheme has been the need to tear up all the bush, since it harbours the tsetse. But clearing the bush and the wholesale use of insecticides have involved the elimination of friendly insects like the bees, without which the sunflower crops intended to alternate with groundnuts cannot be fertilised. There is also the grave danger of erosion. When the vegetation, which provides the umbrella against the tropical rains and the parasol against the tropical sun, is stripped off, the soil is leached, and sluiced off by the rain or dried and dessicated by the sun. Somehow, Man has come to terms with the scrub and the jungle, and the intractable opponent of any such compromise has been the tsetse fly.

Now, as a result of a drug produced in laboratories in Manchester thousands of miles from the tsetse belt, the advance of the jungle will be arrested and millions of square miles of country will, in time, be opened up, good soil recovered for cultivation and beef-cattle produced on a scale which should far outstrip the Argentine. For this area is four times the size of the Argentine and capable of supporting far more than the 33,000,000 head of cattle and 25,000,000 sheep of the South American "larder." Indeed, when Mr. Strachey next argues with Senor Miranda, he ought to offer him a sample of Antrycide; it means to Miranda what synthetic diamonds would mean to De Beers.

Antrycide is a white crystalline powder (and it is to the credit of I.C.I. that at last week's press conference the chemical formula was fully disclosed). It is a product of a new field of research—heterocyclic chemistry. When there was a shortage of quinine at the beginning of the war, and an absence of the German substitutes, the I.C.I. chemists set out to reproduce the German supplies but were not content with the traditional anti-malarial drugs. They started from scratch and developed in entirely new directions. The result was Paludrine, which had no chemical kinship to either Atebrin or Mepacrine, the previous anti-malarials. Antrycide (known until last week as M.7555) was similarly "tailor-made," an artificial creation, which took the parasite's exact measurements. It was tried out on mice inoculated with tsetse diseases, and eventually became the obvious answer. But there was a serious difficulty; it had to be tried on cattle, and no one in their senses would introduce trypanosomiasis into cattle in the confines of these small, and immune, islands; it might break loose. So the scientists had to transfer their experiments to the worst tsetse areas in the world—plague-spots in Sudan, Kenya and Uganda. They had the fullest co-operation of the Colonial Veterinary Services, which rounded up sick and healthy-but-vulnerable animals. The sick were cured and the healthy were immunised by the drug, but the work was done under perilous conditions. In their jungle laboratories, the scientists and the cattle had to be protected by Masai lion-hunters, and one research worker was "treed" by a charging rhinoceros. But the large-scale tests have proved that Antrycide gives cattle immunity against *congolense* for at least six months and against *vivax* for at least four, apart from curing cases already infected.

What Antrycide means is that domestic animals can now be made safe from the tsetse fly. Immunised animals will be able to range the bush-lands and breed in jungle clearances. The whole of that 4½ million square miles can eventually be resettled by the native colonists. Already the Colonial Office has great schemes for the development of the African meat trade by the use of East African ranching, with the cattle roaming and being periodically rounded up, as on the American ranges and the South American pampas. In addition, it gives a great impetus to the West African project for improving and expanding the husbandry of the native farmers. At the moment, they are exhausting the soil by growing crops without replenishment. The Government is offering two beasts and a plough to natives who will undertake to farm their soil properly, with adequate manuring which, so far, it has not had because of the absence of animals due to the tsetse.

Outside the Union of South Africa, there is at present no serious beef-production in the continent. The entire cattle population of the whole of British Africa is about 16,000,000 head. The native beasts are scruffy, undersized and insufficient even as a meat supply for the under-nourished natives. Even where cattle-farming is attempted it is uneconomic; in West Africa, the loss of cattle through trypanosomiasis is over £1,000,000 a year. So the use of the drug will be a small cost in comparison, even if it has to be injected twice a year to maintain immunity. It is simply administered; any native farmer can use it without expert help. It means only an injection under the skin of the animal and, since it is non-toxic, there is no risk of an overdose.

The drug is now going into mass-production, and about three tons should be available this year. This is enough for 2,000,000 animals, and the total need will never exceed a hundred tons a year—a hundred tons of chemical to liberate 4½ million square miles! Of course it will be years before African beef will be a challenge on the world market. It will take three to four years to breed and feed healthy stocks, and about ten years before the bigger projects show results. The idea is to introduce new breeds to replace the present inadequate types and to get bigger animals and better quality meat. This could be done by crossing some of the tough native strains with more wholesome and economic breeds. (For instance, in sub-tropical, dry, Queensland, Zebu (Indian cattle) have been successfully crossed with Herefords, giving resistance to climatic and other indigenous hazards, plus the beef-value of the Hereford.) But the full development of the backlands will need communications and assured water supplies and refrigeration plant. In any event, the first charge on any development will have to be not the world market but the protein requirements of the notoriously ill-nourished African peoples.

Still, Africa can in time become perhaps a great meat-producing area and, by proper compromise with the Bush (now that the tsetse is no longer belligerent), native cultivation can be enhanced in a way which it was difficult to visualise previously. In terms of the world food-picture that is a tremendous advance and helps to offset the dismal losses which the free-for-all, devil-take-the-hindmost, exploitation of the soil in "civilised" countries have meant, through erosion. Antrycide is to be the main item on the agenda of the Veterinary Conference of the African Empire nations (Britain, France, Belgium and Portugal) to be held in London next month. The intention is to make the drug available through the Governments of all the African colonies.

RITCHIE CALDER

SUNDAY AND THE COMMON INFORMER

It has lately been enacted that convicted Sabbath-breakers shall no longer be exhibited in the stocks.

This cautious step towards the Continental Sunday was taken by Parliament when it passed the Statute Law Revision Act, 1948. It is the only assault on the English Sunday within living memory that has got by without fierce controversy. Sunday Observance law would, no doubt, be less provoking without some of its anomalies. But it is typical of our piecemeal system of legislation that over 90 Acts of Parliament tell us what we may lawfully do, and more firmly what we may not do, with our week-ends. Between them they unavoidably set up anomalies. "The good and evil effects of this self-imposed discipline of a whole nation," says Professor G. M. Trevelyan in his *History of England*, "in abstaining from organised amusement as well as from work on every seventh day, still awaits the dispassionate study of the social historian." The dispassionate student might make the early discovery that the national discipline, so far from being "self-imposed," is the work of a highly-articulate minority skilled in the constitutional use of power and convinced that it knows what is good for the rest of us.

Hastings has recently felt the Sunday Observance Acts in operation. A Sunday demonstration of "hypnotic phenomena" at the White Rock Pavilion, having come under the notice of the Lord's Day Observance Society, achieved a desperate legality by making no charge for admission. Later, in the same benighted town and for the same reason, the finals of a table-tennis tournament took place before an approving audience of free-seaters. It is now reported that the Institute of Municipal Entertainments Managers is sponsoring a campaign to get the Sunday laws amended. The Hastings Director of Entertainments is convening an inaugural meeting, and over a hundred holiday resorts, as well as variety artists', musicians', and theatre managers' associations have been invited to send representatives.

What are the anomalies? The survival of the "common informer" is one of the strangest. The Sunday Observance Act, 1780, says that any place "opened or used for public entertainment or amusement, or for public debate on any subject whatsoever, upon any part of the Lord's Day, called Sunday, and to which persons shall be admitted by payment of money, or by tickets sold for money, shall be deemed a disorderly house." The "keeper" of the place must forfeit £200, the "manager" £100, and the man in the box-office £50, to "such person as will sue for the same"—the common informer. He need adduce no personal solicitude for the English Sunday. His religion is immaterial—in *Williams v. Wright* (1897) he was a person who refused to take the oath on the ground that he had no religious belief whatever, and in *Orpen v. Haymarket Capitol Ltd.* (1931) the common informer was a Jewess. Miss Orpen's religious position was challenged in the same year in another of her cases (*Orpen v. New Empire Ltd.*), and Mr. Justice Rowlatt said "The Act makes no point of that: anyone may come forward."

Another anomalous effect of this Act is made plain by a comparison of its original purpose with the scope it has been judicially accorded. The intention in 1780 appears from the preamble to the Act:

> Whereas at certain houses . . . under pretence of enquiring into religious doctrines and explaining texts of Holy Scripture, debates have frequently been held on the evening of the Lord's Day concerning divers texts of Holy Scripture by persons unlearned and incompetent to explain the same, to the corruption of good morals and to the great encouragement of irreligion and profaneness . . ."

A dangerous appetite for enquiry was sneaking over from France, and Parliament was concerned to outlaw public theological debate. But by putting in the words "entertainment or amusement" as well, it outlawed almost any organised escape from boredom that desperate men could conceive.

In 1932 a new Act legalized Sunday cinemas, which had been precariously enjoying a doubtfully-legal compromise that allowed them to open if they paid a proportion of their profits to charity, a well-established stratagem rather like driving the local women and children in the forefront of an invading army. Finally the L.C.C. carried this practice too far by increasing the charity requirements, and in 1931 the Entertainments Protection Association got the King's Bench Judges to rule that it all violated the Sunday Observance Act. This paved the way for Miss Orpen's action against the Haymarket Capitol; and when it became known that a lot more actions of the same kind were being prepared, a temporary Act was hastily passed to legalise the L.C.C. practice while the position was being examined. Then came the Sunday Entertainments Act, 1932. This allowed districts that had got used to Sunday cinemas to keep them if the local authority licensed them; in other districts, under a kind of "local option," Sunday cinemas are allowed if they observe certain conditions about an alternative day's holiday for the staff and pay money to charities and to the Cinematograph Fund.

Sunday concerts (licensed by the local authority) also became lawful in 1932, but only if they confined themselves to "the performance of music, with or without singing or recitation;" this is considered to rule out variety entertainments, most local authorities setting their faces against the wearing of a funny hat, and of course a "stage play" or ballet on Sunday is unthinkable. The same Act allows decorous Sunday visits to the museums, picture galleries, zoos, waxworks, aquariums, and lectures.

Common informers may one day turn their attention to an Act of Charles I (3 Car I, cap 2, 1627), which is worth twenty shillings for every carrier, waggoner, carman, or wainman who travels upon a Sunday with his vehicle. The 4,000 wainmen who urge their wains past a given point on the Brighton Road every hour on an August Sunday actually make things easier for the informer by crawling slowly enough for him to get their numbers recorded in his punishment book. He might make a small fortune before Parliament or the High Court, prodded by the motoring organisations, had time to proclaim that motor vehicles are not seventeenth century wains.

There is no money in the Sunday Observance Act, 1625. Its effect is to prohibit football, cricket, racing, darts, or any other kind of sports or pastimes committed by "any concourse of people out of their own parishes on the Lord's Day," but the fines go to local funds for the relief of the poor. The same is true of billiards, which was unknown in 1625, but was exiled from the English Sunday as soon as it was found to be popular in 1845. To those Sabbatarians who want no money, however, these prohibitions are available for endless exercise. Anyone can apply for a summons against the Ditchmore Rovers if they leave Ditchmore to play the Lushford Wanderers on Sunday, and the men of Lushford come to Ditchmore at their peril. The law is quite clear. Parliament could have legalised inter-parish Sunday football while it was dealing with cinemas and concerts in the Sunday Entertainments Act, 1932. It didn't, and all good citizens should, therefore, concur in the prosecution of Sunday footballers. If people can't be induced to read improving books on Sundays, let them at least kick about inside their own graceless parishes.

But slackness in prosecution is most noteworthy in the case of Sunday trading. In the nineteen-thirties, 30,000 people a year were convicted of selling goods on the Lord's Day. Last year there were 62, and in the year before that only 60. The Sunday Observance Act, 1677, requires everyone to "apply themselves to the observation of the Lord's Day by exercising themselves in the duties of piety and true religion, publicly and privately; and no person," it goes on, "may publicly cry, shew forth, or expose to sale any wares, merchandises, fruit, herbs, goods or chattels whatsoever upon the Lord's Day." The sale of milk is exempted before 9 a.m. and the Act also allows the "dressing" of meat in cook-shops for the poor; a prolonged legal battle was necessary in 1916 to establish that "meat" (already held to include potatoes) didn't also include ice-cream wafers—at least two Judges had felt that it did (*Slater v. Evans*). It is only since this Act was amended in 1938 that bakers have been able to work lawfully on our Monday-morning bread. Shouting newsvendors can have their Sunday papers taken away by the police—the last time it happened, at Brighton in 1890, the Magistrates solemnly ordered the newsboy to forfeit them. Not even a lending library may give out its books on a Sunday, said the High Court in 1935 (*Lee v. Craven*) and a fun-fair offering prizes for shooting at ping-pong balls on Sunday is "trading" unlawfully (*Hawkey v. Stirling*, 1918). There are limitless opportunities in all this for the unco' guid, now that the police have erected neglect of duty into a policy. Only 62 Sunday trading prosecutions last year? Come on.

C. H. ROLPH.

NEIGHBOURS

THERE are queer goings-on in the house next door—
Come close, we must talk in quieter tones—
Since the dark-eyed man, and the woman, came;
But I ask no questions, Mrs. Jones.

They keep themselves to themselves all day;
No radio, mind you; but telephones
Buzzing and buzzing, and then all night—
But I ask no questions, Mrs. Jones—

All night I can't get a wink of sleep,
Not a wink, for the tramping about and the groans;
And no voice, only the woman's voice;
But I ask no questions, Mrs. Jones.

Two strangers came last Friday week,
A fat man one, the other all bones;
And I've only seen the thin one leave.
But I ask no questions, Mrs. Jones.

That night I woke, and I seemed to hear
A scuffling sound, then sobs and moans,
And four feet running upstairs and down,
But I ask no questions, Mrs. Jones.

Before it was light, the man went out—
I do not *think* it was filled with stones—
With a sack, I could almost swear, on his back:
But I ask no questions, Mrs. Jones.

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

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RADIO NOTES

After *The Tempest*, *Hamlet*; a sound, solid presentation of the complete text of the play, with Mr. Gielgud himself as the Prince. What more could one ask for? I hope the answer will not sound churlish or ungrateful, but I am afraid it must be: to see the play on the stage. For the very soundness of Mr. Richmond's production exposed most cruelly the limitations of radio as a medium for the performance of the greatest drama. I do not think we shall ever hear a much better radio production of *Hamlet* than this, yet whereas the recent production of *The Tempest* created in my mind an image that owed nothing to memories of the play performed on the stage and in some respects indeed seemed more successful than any stage-version could be, with *Hamlet* I was conscious all the time of deprivation in that I could not see the action, could not see Mr. Gielgud, and play and player alike demanded to be seen. It is impossible, then, to regard *Hamlet* on the air, however well done, as more than a substitute for the real thing. At the same time, it is one of the B.B.C.'s functions to give us substitutes, and judged as a substitute Mr. Richmond's *Hamlet* was shiningly successful. It was full of virtues, among which I include Mr. Cruickshank's superb Claudius and Mr. Esmé Percy's Osric; Miss Celia Johnson's Ophelia I found disappointing.

It was an excellent idea to round off this fortnight of Shakespeare with an adaptation of Joyce's fascinating and ingenious speculations on the nature of *Hamlet* and the mind of Shakespeare, from *Ulysses*, speculations absorbing in their own right and also because of the light they throw on Joyce's own creative processes. But neither adaptation nor production seemed to me adequate. It was surely misconceived and a perversion of the original to present the conversation in the library as a memory of Lyster the librarian. And the whole thing struck me as under-rehearsed and miscast. Mr. Cusack, as Dedalus, was admirable as long as one could forget the source of the programme; but his gentle voice and the charm of the personality behind it never for an instant suggested the *farouche*, contemptuous young Joyce with his ash-plant and his arrogance, who high-hatted Yeats and nursed his inordinate ambitions like a grievance. Still, I was grateful for the opportunity of hearing Joyce. I suspect that *Ulysses* may well prove a treasure-house for Third Programme adaptations.

There have been two noteworthy programmes specially written for radio, *The Silent Areas* and *Ballarat*. I thought the former quite the most satisfying and successful of Mrs. Nesta Pain's programmes on scientific developments. The subject-matter, the treatment of certain psychotic states by operations on the frontal lobes of the brain, was of great and terrifying interest; the implications of the programme were alarming. One of its merits was that they were not sensationalised. Then the form of the script was excellent; the dramatisations were discreet, and full use was made of narration, a too-often despised element in radio-writing because too often abused, but in this programme fully justified, and very well delivered by Mr. Edward Chapman. Mr. Bridson's *Ballarat*, on the great Australian gold rush, was successful in quite another way, for what he produced was the radio equivalent of a Western film, than which I can imagine nothing more difficult to do in the medium. Action, violence: how often do they emerge from the loudspeaker as a mere jumble of noises; but Mr. Bridson kept them clear, distinct and continually exciting. It seems that the fight at the Eureka Stockades, with which the programme ended, has in Australian history something of the emotional significance of Bunker's Hill in American, and what was especially good in *Ballarat* was the effect of epic which Mr. Bridson obtained. The programme, written, produced and recorded in Australia, suggests that a whole new valuable field of material awaits the attention of our script-writers in the early history of the dominions, history of which we in England know next to nothing.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE THEATRE

It is generally agreed that 1948 has not been a vintage year. One established playwright, Mr. Rattigan, has produced one interesting one-acter. Most of the hardy annuals have reproduced themselves and there have been several notable productions of old plays: among which I found most memorable the Stratford season, Miss Mary Morris in Pirandello's *As You Desire Me* at the Embassy and the current *Wild Duck*. What has been very noticeable is the scarcity in this year, as indeed for several years, of new plays and playwrights. Yet is this really surprising at a time when our society is being rattled in the dice-box and has not yet been shaken out onto the table? The drama, being the most social of the arts, is the one most immediately responsive to social conditions. At times of flux the novelist and the poet can continue speaking to the isolated individual; but the playwright may have lost his old audience and not yet found a new. For one of the necessary conditions for a steady flow of dramatic talent—genius, of course, makes its own laws—is a coherent theatre-going public. Or at least a clearly defined and regular *nucleus*, holding, in the broadest terms a common set of beliefs and attitudes, and having in common, too, a set of expectations (which may be either satisfied or teased) when they go to the theatre. Isn't it just such a coherent nucleus that at this moment, naturally enough, we lack?

Theatre-going is a habit, commonly formed in youth, and in the theatre as we have known it it has been on the whole a middle-class habit. Rising classes or social groups usually imitate the habits of the groups they are moving up into; and, though the cinema may have diverted some, one may reasonably expect that, as things shake down and opportunities are extended, a new social group will form the habit and a new audience come into being. But it has not done so yet and in its absence the theatre must go on pretending that the links have not been broken. So it comes about that the post-war theatre inevitably looks a little old-fashioned; it is still addressing itself to the left-overs of the old audiences and hoping perhaps to reassemble them; and, being naturally conservative, it relies on the conventions that succeeded in the immediate past. Some of these, anyhow, are established old favourites which can always be counted on to be popular on an English bill of fare. Farce, light comedy and romantic musical comedy, the audiences for these never seem to waver: and since drink, lechery and treacle are staple diet, it doesn't seem very much to matter if the frames in which they are set are always a decade or two out of date.

But the theatre cannot live on light fare and the revivals which still find a ready audience. For it cannot afford for long to be only an expensive luxury. As mere entertainment it seems to me doubtful whether the theatre, once the habit began to wear thin, could compete with the so very much cheaper cinema. (In any case the crazy economics of the theatre will have to be overhauled, and its whole standard of living scaled down to match the rest of the country's.) The life-blood of the theatre, as of any other art, is a steady supply of new talent and new work, work which is rooted in the conflicts and dilemmas, the excitements and the triumphs of its own day (whether it treats them as high comedy, tragedy or serious drama); and if it is to recruit a new audience it will be from people who are alive in their own time, and who have discovered that the particular enlargement and liberation which art offers can

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CHURCH ARMY

be enjoyed more actively in the theatre than anywhere else.

Can we at all anticipate what this new audience will be like and so discover what it is likely to want? There seems to be a general feeling that it is likely to want serious drama rather than the High Comedy which predominated after the 1914 war. "Plays about something" is the phrase by which this is often expressed—a phrase that needs in my view some expansion. If it is taken to mean simply plays about current social problems, I believe that it will prove misleading. For if the analogy from literature holds at all, social realism is a mode which no longer has much vitality for us. My own view is that the current social problem will prove to be much too shallow a subject for the new audience. The theatre can strike far deeper than that and, if it is to engage us fully, it must; it must strike at the level of the hidden myths, the passions and the aspirations. How this can be done even while handling a contemporary theme was demonstrated by Sartre in *Crime Passionel*. But this is mere speculation. Doubtless when the moment comes it will be signalised—it usually is—by the arrival on the scenes of one outstanding talent (whether a playright or a personality of the order of Stanislavsky, or Granville Barker or even Lady Gregory) who feels the set of the current before we feel it ourselves. T. C. WORSLEY

"Sealed Verdict," at the Plaza

The camera takes us first into the war-guilt court at Nuremberg, sidling past the well-known faces (Streicher looks more worried than one had expected), taking in the telephone exchange and the squads of interpreters, to rest at last on the equally familiar features of Mr. Ray Milland. He, too, looks a little worried: as a prosecuting lawyer, though in uniform, he will have to "supply the integrity, while we administer the punch." So, rather later in the film, the position is defined by a high-ranking army officer; who might have gone on to remark that it would certainly also be Mr. Milland's duty to cross-examine a beautiful but suspect French girl (Florence Marly), fall in love with her, and at last prove her innocent; integrity, surely, demanding no less a solace. *Sealed Verdict* introduces most of the stock figures of spy melodrama, and if the background of war trials is up to a point genuine, it also proves rather tedious. The spokesmen of democracy drop bricks when pins could be heard. It is not this film's purpose to develop an insight into the conduct of such trials, but its thrills might well have been a little more thrilling.

Correspondence

THE DENTAL SERVICE

SIR,—Your comment last week on the incomes of dentists only makes passing allusion to a serious criticism that must be brought against the dental part of the National Health Service.

Mr. Bevan persuaded the majority of dentists to enter his Service by offering them fees which were very much higher than any but a few practitioners had been able to earn before July 5th. One result of offering free dental treatment to the whole community is that all practitioners are working much harder than ever before, very largely to provide dentures for patients who could not afford them before, or who now demand a new set at the State's expense.

The much higher incomes that the profession is now earning have not resulted in a "dental health service" for everyone, but are in fact undermining such constructive services as did exist previously, particularly the Ministry of Education School Dental Service, by drawing away personnel from the School Clinics into much more lucrative private practice. In the London County Council area alone, for example, at least ten clinics have had to be closed down for lack of professional staff, and the same problem affects all parts of the country, so great is the disparity between the salary earned in the public service and the income of a private practitioner.

In other words, the present scheme provides, at the expense of the next generation, a "breakdown" service for the adult population, a purely negative conception of dentistry which cannot claim to be, in any real sense, a "health service," nor hope in the long run to improve the dental condition of the country.

It is true, of course, that the profession is not large enough to man an adequate health service for everyone, but this only makes it more imperative to give an absolute priority to the preservation of the teeth of children and expectant mothers. Otherwise, another generation will grow up which can only be made "dentally fit" by the provision of false teeth, and we shall be no nearer the goal of dental health. The British Dental Association is on much firmer ground in making this criticism of the National Health Service than it was when protesting against the proposed cut in dentists' incomes. It is so fundamental that Mr. Bevan cannot ignore the argument, even though it comes from a source which he regards as suspect.

Many members of the profession see that the only solution of this problem lies in permitting suitably qualified technicians to undertake the making of dentures, by amending the Dental Act of 1921, and inducing the profession to concentrate on purely surgical and conservative work, priority being given to expectant mothers and children. It is possible that the profession, even relieved of the non-surgical work of denture making, would still not be sufficiently large to carry out all the necessary conservative treatment. The School Dental Service, if it is adequately to discharge its duties in the future, may have to rely largely upon ancillary dental nurses, trained to perform, under the supervision of dental surgeons, routine treatment for school children, as in New Zealand.

The National Health Service seems to have set off in the wrong direction, viewing the problem of dental health from a negative rather than a positive and preventive point of view. It is perhaps not yet too late to re-orientate the scheme, so that the National Health Service can fulfil its true purpose of guaranteeing positive health to the people of Britain. CHARLES MILLAR

The Dental Hospital of Manchester,
Manchester, 15.

INDONESIA

SIR,—In your issue of Dec. 25th one reads: "The Dutch . . . would be surprised if they realised the impression they have made on the outside world (with their Indonesian policy) . . ."

I can assure you that there are many Dutchmen who are not surprised at all and who do realise what is happening.

Unhappily, the political structure of the moment in this country made it impossible for them to influence that policy. There are numerous protest-meetings here, and an important part of the press is in opposition. The foreign press does not seem to tell much about this mood in Holland, and does not seem to be very anxious to do so. I wrote a letter about this internal opposition to an American newspaper; it was not published, but another Dutch letter was. This last letter, signed "Maarten Harperszoon Tromp" (a 17th-century admiral), told the world in extremely crude terms that "the Republicans were riff-raff." Even more important in this respect is the attitude of the Dutch Government: many telegrams of protest (*i.e.*, to the Security Council; to the Indonesian delegate in Paris, expressing sympathy; to the W.F.T.U., etc.) have been refused by our local post offices. H. K.

Amsterdam.

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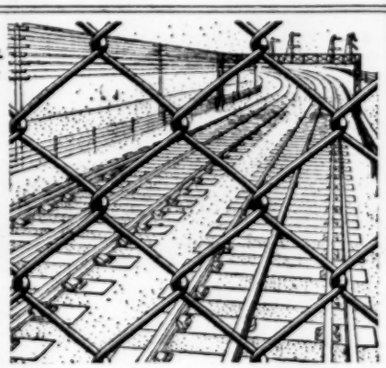

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THE LYSENKO CONTROVERSY

SIR,—May I, as a geneticist, reply to that part of Professor Levy's letter of December 25th which deals with the genetics controversy? It is obvious that Professor Levy is ignorant of both history and subject of this controversy. He writes about "experts in genetics having enjoyed the witch-hunt." Since it is presumably the hunters and not the witches who enjoy the hunt, this implies that Western geneticists have launched an unprovoked attack on Lysenko. Exactly the reverse is true. The hunt has been organised and is being carried on by Lysenko and his followers, and it is directed against the "experts in genetics" inside and outside Russia. Those inside Russia have been dismissed. Those outside are attacked implicitly through wholesale condemnation of the type of work carried out by every Western geneticist, without exception and whatever his political sympathies. Western geneticists have replied to these attacks. This is their part in the witch-hunt.

Lysenko denies the whole modern science of genetics. This, and only this, is the subject of the controversy. His Western defenders try to confuse the argument by shunting it on to the side-line of Lysenko's own scientific claims. Whether or not there is any truth in these is wholly irrelevant to the controversy. Every scientist has a right to his own ideas and conclusions; but if he uses them as a stick to beat his colleagues with, he cannot be surprised if they in their turn expose the weakness of his work. Lysenko's theories are so patently absurd that no Western geneticist has even troubled to refute them. His claims to scientific discoveries are put forward without data and proof. Professor Levy, as a scientist, must know that this type of claim is disregarded until confirmation. What if in future it "should transpire that Lysenko has found something?" Professor Levy seems to think that this possibility discomfits geneticists. Why should it? Any new discovery in our science is welcome, even if—as other discoveries before it—it should be made by a scientific outsider and crank. But, suggests Professor Levy, in this event Western geneticists ought to "appear publicly in sackcloth and ashes." Again why should they? Several revolutionary findings made by Western geneticists in these last years have extended, but not overthrown, the concepts of modern genetics. Does Professor Levy believe that the scientific edifice erected by men like Morgan, Bateson, Muller, Haldane and many others is such a flimsy structure that one grain of truth thrown against it by Lysenko will make it tumble down? If he does not believe this, then his statement is meaningless; for the controversy is about the validity of modern genetics, not about the possibility that Lysenko may have hit on some new fact.

C. AUERBACH

Institute of Animal Genetics,
University of Edinburgh.

AUSTRIAN SOCIALISTS

SIR,—The defence of the Austrian Socialists by your correspondent, Leonore Orr, is unconvincing because it misses the main point. That point is surely that in the period from 1945 to 1948 capitalism has been fully restored in Austria. This restoration was the subject of the obviously well-informed article from your Vienna Correspondent which provoked Leonore Orr's letter. The role of the Austrian Socialist Party in this process was in the main one of co-operation. Your correspondent cannot deny this in her letter, but, instead of blaming the Socialist Party, she blames the Communists. "The Austrian Socialists," she writes, "are, much to their regret, pushed to the Right by Communist pressure . . ."

This is an odd argument. Are we to understand that the most effective answer to the Communist charge, that the Social Democrats are the servants of capitalism, is to demonstrate that the charge is well founded?

Even Oscar Pollak, a prominent leader of the Austrian Socialist Party, wrote in the *Arbeiter Zeitung* of September 6th, 1948, that a situation could not endure in which "capitalists are filling their pockets and Socialists are busy defending democracy." (See report from Vienna in the *Manchester Guardian* of Sept. 7th). Unfortunately, there are no signs that the Socialists have acted upon this sentiment.

In connection with Leonore Orr's claim that the Austrian Socialist Party is "the only organised and militant force . . . upholding the ideals of democracy," I should like to mention two incidents which may throw some light upon this claim.

1. Last summer the General Secretary of the Party, Erwin Scharf, was dismissed from his post because he became editor of a Socialist paper, *Der Kämfer*, which had not been officially sanctioned by the Party leadership. A little later the Party leadership procured the suppression of the paper.
2. The Marshall Aid Agreement, which affects Austria's economy very considerably, was signed on behalf of Austria by the Coalition Government when the text of the Agreement had not even been officially published in Austria, and no opportunity for a debate on it had been afforded in Parliament.

It would seem, then, that the Austrian Socialist Party has some way to travel before it will fit Leonore Orr's description.

ERNST HANGERMANN

45 Yew Tree Lane,
Wythenshawe, Manchester.

SECOND FRONT

SIR,—How far the failure to carry out the agreed plan for a second front in Europe in 1942 was responsible for the change in relations between the three allied Powers that immediately followed the withdrawal of Maisky and Litvinoff from London and Washington, may never be fully revealed, but I think Mr. Buckley would be well advised to ponder on a phrase I have cited in *Second Diary of a Diplomatic Correspondent* from the reminiscences of Capt. Harry Butcher, naval *aide* to General Eisenhower, in 1945.

Butcher revealed that Roosevelt and the U.S. military leaders were willing to risk unsuccessful invasion but Churchill urged it would lead to disaster and demanded instead the North African campaign. When Eisenhower heard this in July, a few weeks after the issue of the famous communique about the visit of Molotov to London and Washington, and the signature of the Anglo-Soviet treaty of alliance for 20 years, the U.S. commander-in-chief declared: "This will go down as the blackest day in history." What Eisenhower said in 1942 is, for historians, of greater significance than what he has written since, for circumstances and atmosphere have changed.

London, W.C.2. GEORGE BILAINKIN

EDUCATIONAL PRIVILEGE

SIR,—The analysis given by Mr. Hill of the schools from which the Oxford Freshmen were drawn is most interesting. All those connected with the maintained and assisted grammar schools should study it. The Butler Act, so far from increasing the poor boy's chance of getting to Oxford and Cambridge, has weighted the scales more heavily against him. The insistence on "parity of esteem" between all the L.E.A. secondary schools, grammar, technical and modern, though entirely laudable in intention, has hampered the development of the grammar schools and lowered their prestige just at the moment when many of them had successfully achieved "parity of esteem" with the direct grant and independent schools in their area.

Under the authority in my area a special committee used to be responsible for the grammar and technical schools alone. Now it is responsible for all secondary schools, thereby having less time to give to the affairs of each school and less freedom

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of action, when any decision made must be made in the light of its effect on all the secondary schools. Whereas the capitation allowance for books and equipment used to be interpreted in a liberal manner and was frequently exceeded, it is now strictly adhered to, as to do otherwise would obviously be unfair to the rest of the secondary schools. Again, the grammar schools have had their holidays curtailed to come into line with the modern schools, which is an obvious deterrent to staff. I could continue with this list of changes, many of them unimportant in themselves but irritating to the staffs of the schools, and cumulatively significant in their effect.

Committees and administrators are more or less helpless to do anything about it. Some levelling down was inevitable once the policy of levelling had been decided upon, and there has been some levelling up on the part of the modern schools which is all to the good, but it surely would have been possible to do the latter without the former. In the present serious economic condition in which this country finds itself it is vital for the future that all our most able children should have the best possible training, and if, as we know, we can neither afford, nor are the teachers and facilities available to give every child such advantages, let us see that they are provided for all those who can most profit from them, whether in L.E.A. schools or others. We spend a deal of time, thought and money in selecting the children for the grammar schools; having done so, it is worth while giving them the best we can, and being brave enough to justify our decision in face of the opposition of those who maintain, that if all cannot have the best then no one shall have it I should like to look forward to the time when no one would know whether a grammar school was maintained, aided, direct grant, or independent because all were equally good and were held in equal esteem.

JOYCE CADBURY

The Davids, Northfield, Birmingham, 31.

NATIONAL SERVICE

SIR,—I should like to support A. R. Harris's plea for turning the national service of our young people to better account. Like him I have been reflecting on the value of the Civilian Conservation Corps of Roosevelt's early days, which turned out men whom employers sought after eagerly, and contrasting it with the training in purposeless existence which seems to be all we have to offer our young conscripts.

One comes to think deeply when the problem touches one personally. My own son secured a much coveted place at Oxford for 1950 "after military service" and now my great anxiety is that the habits of study and precise thinking and the sense of responsibility that was fostered by taking part in the organisation of a big school shall not all be undermined in the army.

Although marvelling at the strange mentality which marks off all non-science students as of less value to the community than miners and agricultural workers, I have hitherto accepted the idea of conscription as being in accordance with the principle of social equality. But it is less than equality when those who are obliged to serve find themselves penalised not only by the loss of time served but also by the deterioration of their civilian potentialities due to enforced idleness and complete absence of responsibility.

All parents of these men should unite to press upon the Government the need for change. As Mr. Harris says, it only needs someone to re-arrange the design within the existing framework. The men are there and they are under discipline. There is no reason why the service period should not become a time for generally improving the mental as well as the physical standards of those called up, of increasing their resilience of mind as well as hardening their bodies, and of firing them with a desire to serve the community. This much ought not to be beyond the reach of a Socialist Government and surely must be an ideal after the heart of our Prime Minister.

"Linden," Whitehill, Meopham, Kent.

ELSIE B. COOK

THEATRE LEADERSHIP

SIR,—We agree most heartily with Mr. J. B. Priestley that what the theatre lacks is not personal leadership but vision and "writing, production and acting of originality and integrity . . . and the kind of organisation that . . . would make an adequate framework for the severe effort such writing, production and acting would demand." But we do not agree that such an organisation would have to be subsidised at first, as he suggests.

We should like to point out that there has been an organisation in existence since 1944 which has been attempting to carry out the very sort of scheme that Mr. Priestley outlines. The Compass Players, a genuine non-profit-making organisation, run co-operatively by all members, has for the last four and a half years carried out a policy of producing new plays, many of them experimental in form and content. This Company consists of professional actors and actresses who are working together *permanently* as a *group*, touring the country for approximately eight months in the year, working in conjunction with local organisations, such as Arts Societies and Drama Clubs, and spending the other four months in rehearsing new productions, which average three a year. Out of fourteen plays produced over the four and a half years, nine have been first productions, several of them by totally unknown writers; four have been in verse, and several have included the use of mime and dancing. None of these plays, moreover, have been produced with an eye on select, highbrow audiences, but have been given to every sort of audience all over the country.

Nowadays it is common to hear of the necessity for subsidies for the arts. Our experience has been that if one really wants to do a thing, and believes in it, it can be done. That does not mean that subsidies are unnecessary, for we ourselves would gladly receive one to assist us in our work, for we know of the sacrifices and difficulties that are inevitable if such work is to be undertaken. So far the only assistance that we have been offered was conditional on our ceasing to do new plays, and performing a popular success.

May we add that no new play submitted to us will be refused on the grounds of lack of box-office appeal alone?

The Compass Players.
The Warren, Aylburton, Lydney, Glos.

JOHN CROCKETT, *Director.*

KAFKA

SIR,—Frank Carpenter's reply to my letter raises more points than a paper shortage period can deal with. I am not the man to judge literature: an English Hons. degree under Saintsbury, 40 years ago, disqualifies me almost completely, and I say this seriously. I think, not so much about Kafka, as about his present-day admirers. He was of my generation, and his fears and aspirations (the heavenly Castle) were certainly an expression of the world sickness of that time. Heaven and hell and a stern God were taken for granted, and sex guilt was everywhere. Now I take it that if an artist paints a tartan cow, only those who think that Scottish cows are the best will consider the painting a great work of art, and it may be that the admirers of Kafka are those with a sense of fear and guilt similar to that which K had. A disturbing thought.

Having lived with healthy children for many years, hoping to see a world freed from sex guilt (and sex guilt is the root of all neurosis, as Freud and Reich have shown), I grieve to see youth hitch its wagon to a writer who expresses a past sickness. Today, when freedom for youth is growing, when emotion is entering our dead schooling, when free sex for children and adolescents is on the horizon, it is depressing to know that K is still reflecting "the quirks and oddities that streak our own normality" as Carpenter puts it.

Diffident about literature, I still must ask: I

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literature not the province of a small minority? Milton is more widely known as an antiseptic than as the author of *Paradise Lost*. I hesitate to suggest that the small minority is a sick one, seeing that *No Orchids for Miss Blandish* sold by the million. Miss Blandish's "trial" and *The Trial* of K are fundamentally the same trial, the trial of someone sick and lost. The tragedy to me is that the man-in-the-street and the Bloomsbury intellectual seem to have the same negative, frustrated, anti-life misery.

Carpenter asks why a sick man should not be a genius. I don't know; don't even know what genius is. Possibly a great artist is one who is independent of any age. I fancy that Shakespeare will be read in the year 3000, but I doubt if Kafka will. This question stirs up a hornets' nest, the study of which would require the space of the *New York Times*.

A. S. NEILL

PAPERS FOR JAPAN

SIR,—I have just received your current issues from a kind British friend in your country.

As an old student of London University, I feel I must write to tell you what a great pleasure it was to receive copies of your magazine now after having been unable to see it for seven years. It was just like meeting an old friend.

I wish I could express to the British people my apologies for not being influential enough to stop Japan from rushing into such a mad war. As it was, I was put in prison by the Kempei (Japanese equivalent of Hitler's Gestapo) for having pro-British sympathies. Now that it is all over, I hope that British people will forgive and forget.

Over here we are desperately in need of British publications to read and to let our students read (I have more than 1,000 students). There are many American publications available, but there is a great desire among young people to read more of British affairs. So I wonder if you would ask your friends and readers, if they have any reading material they have finished with, please to send some to our University. It does not matter how old or in what condition as long as they are readable.

K. TAKASHI ITOH
Professor of British Commonwealth Affairs

Kohryo University,
Tokyo, Japan.

ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION

SIR,—I have not formed any opinion on the questions raised by "Critic" or "M.D." and contribute to their discussion only to mention a matter which possibly neither of them has in mind.

In the Probate Reports for 1934 will be found a case where a wife was accorded a decree of nullity on the ground of her husband's physical incapacity notwithstanding that the relations between them had twice resulted in her pregnancy.

CONSTANTINE GALLOP

3, Cowley Street, S.W.1.

AN APPEAL

SIR,—I should be grateful if you could see your way to publishing this letter as I am certain that many of your readers will be ready to help.

A German family who had been doing gallant work for the Allies during the early years of the War were suspected by the Nazis and imprisoned in the Dachau Concentration Camp, where for two years they suffered indescribable cruelties. The boy, now aged sixteen, was recently discovered in Germany.

A benefactor offered to send him to this Public School and to pay the boarding fees for one year. The Home Office has been most helpful and arranged for his entry to this country. He has now joined us and is rapidly recovering in mind and body from the ghastly experiences which he went through from the age of twelve to fifteen. He has a good brain, and we believe that, if given the chance, he will gain a Higher Certificate in 1951 and be enabled to equip himself for a useful career.

If a fund of £400 can be raised for this boy to complete the two-year course up to July, 1951, a great work will have been accomplished.

HEADMASTER

[We publish the above letter anonymously since it seems unfair to the boy concerned to make the names public. Full particulars are, of course, in our possession, and we shall be glad to put anyone who is considering giving financial help in touch with the headmaster of the famous public school at which this boy is now being educated.—Editor, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.]

SHELTERED WAGES

SIR,—Your note states only part of the trouble. The problem posed by wage claims by the Civil Service Union is really that of a minimum living wage. The Government will find it difficult to maintain its opposition to these claims. To pay charwomen 1s 8½d per hour is not a thing which can bring much credit to a Labour Government; to offer an increase of a farthing an hour is an insult of which they ought not to be capable.

In the immediate future they must face the salary problems of the higher administrative and professional Civil Service. It must not be forgotten that Sir William Spens in his reports on the remuneration of medical practitioners, specialists and consultants and of dentists has set the proper salaries that should be paid. The Government has accepted these standards in the fees and salaries that it has itself prescribed in the National Health Service. Can it logically or justly refuse to pay Civil Service doctors and dentists on the same basis? Can similar standards be denied to officers whose education and responsibilities are similar?

Or is the Civil Service to become permanently a depressed area?

STANLEY MAYNE
General Secretary

The Institution of Professional Civil Servants.
17 Hans Place, London, S.W.1.

BRITISH PAMPHLETEERS

SIR,—*Tu quoque* is not an argument; but accusations of inaccuracy should surely be based upon accurate information.

Mr. Laski, in his review of *British Pamphleteers* (edited by George Orwell and myself), states that I have denied that John Lilburne ended a member of the Society of Friends. The reader will find no such statement in the book. This critic also says that, in my note to the trial of Penn and Mead, I should have pointed out that the Chief Justice later reversed the fine imposed on the jury by the Recorder of London. A more accurate reviewer might have noticed that I had already done so.

For the rest I am grateful to Mr. Laski for his avuncular instructions regarding the second volume. I shall do my best to satisfy his demand that all the "classical" pamphleteers be omitted—so far as I can reconcile it with my desire to please other reviewers, by whom I have been criticised for not giving enough of them.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

20 Jubilee Place,
Chelsea, S.W.3.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

SIR,—I am collecting material for a biography of Mary Russell Mitford, and I should be grateful if any of your readers who possess letters or documents relating to her would get in touch with me. My researches have revealed that there must be, either in public libraries or private collections, a large number of her letters to which I have not yet obtained access, particularly those covering the period 1830—1855. Any help your readers can give me will be much appreciated, and all documents will be carefully preserved and returned to their owners.

VERA G. WATSON

3 Ashburnham Mansions,
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

If anyone wants to argue that the Allies should have invaded the Balkans or that the war could have been finished in 1944, he had better read General Eisenhower's account* of his own role in the European war. It is a personal story, not a history, and although the General does not directly answer the Pattonites or Ingersoll's disgraceful attacks, it is written with an eye on those American critics who claim that he was out-smarted by the British, who used him as a tool for their own designs. But the whole tone of the book dispels any suggestion that Eisenhower has abandoned the cause of Anglo-American co-operation for which he laboured so hard. He breathes respect and enthusiasm for his British colleagues. Much of his space is spent in showing how he tried to solve the problem of coalition war and to "utilise the resources of two great nations with the decisiveness of single authority." "Where nations had previously acted in concert," he adds, "one member of the coalition had usually been so strong as to be the dominating partner." Eisenhower had the imagination to realise that although America's production and manpower made her the leading partner, Britain's geographical position, experience and record in 1940 entitled her to expect equal treatment.

Could Allied strategy have been different? Eisenhower disposes, once and for all, let us hope, of the myth of the early Second Front. Like everyone else, he would have *liked* to open a second front in 1942; on a flying visit to England in April of that year he thought that it might be possible in early 1943; but when he arrived to command the American forces in Britain, he concluded that it was impossible to launch an invasion until 1944. All Allied strategy really hung on one factor—Landing Craft. To attack *Festung Europa* landing craft in large numbers were essential. The catastrophe of Pearl Harbour deflected the U.S. Navy from constructing them for some months. Moreover, although it had been decided that the European war took priority over the Pacific, the island-hopping strategy in the latter theatre also demanded landing craft in quantity, and one has more than a suspicion that Admirals King and Nimitz fiddled quite a number of these craft at the expense of the European war. There were, of course, other considerations. The R.A.F. night bombers were not suitable for softening the German defences in France; the British armies lacked elaborate engineer and supply services; the Eighth Army alone had had long battle experience and our troops were green. Whether the fortifications were weaker in 1942 than in 1944 is therefore irrelevant, and Eisenhower's account makes it clear that it is a lie to suggest that the Allied Chiefs were prepared to see Russia bleed while they maliciously postponed invasion.

On the contrary, they set about seeing what could be done. Logistics made it impossible to invade France until the autumn of 1943, when weather conditions made such a venture unwise. Eisenhower says that he at one time favoured a limited operation to seize Cherbourg and hold a bridgehead through the winter; but the risks and cost appeared prohibitive; and if it had ended in disaster, the Allies might have abandoned the one strategic concept which the Americans held to be a war-winner. There remained the North African expedition, which, combined with an Eighth Army offensive, was designed to open the Mediterranean routes and free shipping needed for the major invasion. Eisenhower confesses that the plan which emerged was not entirely to his liking. He quite rightly wished to land as far east as Bône to give his troops a sporting chance in the race for Tunis. But, he declares, the Combined Chiefs of Staff, with the fate of the Malta convoys before their eyes, declined to take the risk of sending shipping so far east without air cover. Eisenhower should have stated for the record that the opposition to the bolder plan was primarily American and was partly inspired by the obsession that Hitler would invade Spain to cut the Gibraltar life-line despite persistent British argument that all available German divisions and transport were employed in the eastern offensive which culminated in Stalingrad. As a result of this decision, the winter battles for Tunis ensued and it was not until the spring of 1943 that the Allies again had to decide what to do.

Although the capture of Sicily was a natural corollary to the strategy of opening the Mediterranean, many people have wondered why either side chose to fight the length of the Italian peninsula. Hitler's persistence is usually explained by his obstinate refusal ever to yield ground and his desire to bolster Mussolini's Fascism. Hitler, although he sometimes hung on too long, was by no means a fool as a strategist and very sensibly did not believe in strategic retreats. The Allies fought in Italy to reduce the opposition to Overlord, and by June, 1944, were containing twenty-two German divisions so that Runstedt had to fight in France virtually with the force which had been allotted to him. Eisenhower should have mentioned another factor, namely, that the invasion of Italy materially aided the Russians. For the first time crack German divisions *en route* for the eastern front were diverted directly, enabling the Russians to capture Kiev and push on to Zhitomir.

Eisenhower then goes on to describe the planning of Overlord, paying tribute to Mountbatten's idea of artificial harbours, the pipe-line under the Channel and to the fabulous organisation which made the operation successful. He has been criticised for his "broad front" strategy, and he defends at length the South of France landing (Dragoon) and the general advance to Antwerp-Aachen-Metz. He argues that Churchill's scheme for switching Dragoon to capture the Brittany ports would not have solved the problem of supply; the ports would have been heavily damaged. Marseilles is nearer Metz than Brest and was lightly defended; it was better to send the French divisions in North Africa to France than to Italy; and without Dragoon, a large flank-guard would have to have been maintained to protect our right, and this would have slowed up the advance. Eisenhower's critics declare first that had the divisions used in Dragoon been left or sent to Italy, Alexander would have broken through the German line in the summer, passed through the Lubljana gap and fanned out to Vienna and the Balkans; and secondly, that, had either Montgomery or Patton been given absolute priority in supply, the Rhine would have been forced and Germany would have collapsed. This debate seems to me to be academic. For, in truth, the duration of the war in August, 1944, depended not on the Allies but on the Russians. Had the Russians at that time been able to launch a full-scale offensive in Poland the war would have ended that year. They could not, and Hitler was able to send the bulk of his reinforcements west instead of east. It seemed very probable, in view of this, that the Germans would be able to hold Montgomery north of the Ruhr or Patton at Frankfurt or Alexander in the Karawanken Alps. Thus a front in the west from the sea to Switzerland was inevitable, and for that the Marseilles communications were vital. On these grounds alone Eisenhower appears to be vindicated.

It was, however, the uneasy feeling that perhaps a more concentrated effort could have gained a victory in 1944 that lay behind the British demand for the appointment of a land forces commander. Eisenhower defends his refusal in these terms:

> A supreme commander . . . cannot ordinarily give day-by-day and hour-by-hour supervision to any portion of the field. Nevertheless, he is the one person in the organisation with the authority to assign principal objectives to major formations. He is also the only one who has the power to allot strength to major commands . . ., to arrange for the distribution of incoming supply, and to direct the operations of the entire air forces . . . any separate ground headquarters . . . would have . . . had the power neither to direct the flow of supply and reinforcement nor to give instructions to the air forces.

Whether Eisenhower controlled the battle tautly enough is a matter for military historians and not journalists to decide—the crucial period is from mid-August to mid-December; but the broad front strategy paid off with brilliant results in the Palatinate and at Remagen in the spring.

Eisenhower is too wise a soldier not to know that strategy is governed by political as well as military considerations. He calls his book *Crusade in Europe*, and for him, as for Roosevelt, the object of the war was to grind the infidel Nazis to pieces. The creation of a new order was nothing to their purpose. Roosevelt's distrust of de Gaulle sprang from his belief that the French must choose their own Government. For heavy-lidded Europeans, however, the issue was different. As soon as one oppressor is seen to be tottering, they look anxiously to see who the next will be. The Communists in the resistance movement saw the war not as an end in itself but a means to achieve their ideal. It was, in fact, on political issues that the British and Americans disagreed. In 1943 the British wanted to exploit success in the Mediterranean in the hope that Overlord would prove to be unnecessary, while the Americans were determined to stick to the original plan and keep the Mediterranean a subsidiary theatre. Eisenhower allows that it was natural for the British to fear a repetition of the Somme and Passchendaele in which their youth had perished; but he remarks that he thought that Churchill's policy was inspired not only by his desire to vindicate his Gallipoli strategy in the First World War, but also by his concern for the political future of the Balkans. In these recurring arguments Eisenhower adopted an honest and straightforward course. He pointed out what he believed was the best military plan to defeat Hitler and left it to the statesmen to say that they preferred a different course of action. A campaign through the Balkans appeared to him so absurd militarily as not to require argument. Until 1945 the argument that military necessity overrode political considerations was valid. It wears thin when Eisenhower has to defend his decision not to race the Russians for the capture of Berlin, and the exchange of telegrams at the end of March between him and the British and American Chiefs, all solemnly debating the capture of Hamburg in terms of U-boat warfare, and the policy which would best "exploit the enemy's weakness," are little short of farcical. The point was that Roosevelt, as he had shown at Yalta, was willing to go very far to get a working agreement with the Russians while the British feared for the future. No doubt Mr. Churchill in his fourth or fifth volume will point a moral and adorn the tale.

Yet this political nescience on the part of the Allied command had one advantage. The military coalition was never upset by political differences, and Churchill's loyalty to Eisenhower forbade any of the military intrigue in which Lloyd George indulged. Eisenhower was puzzled at the interference of the British Chiefs in the conduct of the campaign, for it was the American practice to appoint a theatre commander, give him resources, leave him to his own devices and if he was unsuccessful to remove him. The British Chiefs, on the other hand, regularly queried the tactical plans of their commanders and constantly checked up on them. At first sight, the U.S. practice seems the sounder, but Eisenhower forgets that the British are accustomed to dealing with at least four theatres of activity, and that close inspection of each commander's plans is needed to ensure that he will not imperil the action of the others. For British resources, particularly of man-power, are always slender; they have to be grudgingly eked out.

What, then, is the picture of the author that emerges? It is that of a simple and unaffected man whose instinct is to like people in every walk of life. He says that he chose his staff largely for their ability to get on with others. He resembles an impresario surrounded by a bevy of prima donnas, and he managed them not with the imperiousness of a Diaghilev-MacArthur, but with a genial modesty and friendli-

* *Crusade in Europe*. By General Eisenhower. *Heinemann*. 25s.

ness, exerting firmness only in the last resort; not a commander of Napoleonic calibre, willing to gamble all to achieve a *coup de grâce*, as he might have done in Sicily, but willing to take hard decisions calmly. He is the kind of American democrat, at whom we do ill to sneer, with his regard for the dignity of the lives of human beings and for democratic institutions like the press. His practice of visiting the front constantly is revealing. It was not so much to encourage the troops except, as he says, in so far as such trips encourage soldiers in the visited area to believe that they must be in a quiet sector or the brass would not be there; it was far more to feel as far as he could what fighting soldiers felt, so that his judgment would not be corrupted by his safe and sheltered existence. In his story, as in all good stories, there is a hero. It is General Marshall, of whom Eisenhower stands in awe and from whom he takes his tone. Marshall appears as a man who exhibits the soldier's code of honour in its best light stripped of the barren aristocratic tradition and snobbery with which it is so often mixed in Europe. Marshall's incorruptibility of judgment, his disdain for those who will not take responsibility, his dislike of the place-seekers and the arrogant, his gifts of character which silenced Congress—in a word, his selfless and serious devotion to an honourable profession is the ideal for which Eisenhower strove to make himself fit.

NOEL ANNAN

ENDYMION

John Keats: An Introduction and a Selection. By RICHARD CHURCH. *Phoenix House.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

John Keats: The Principle of Beauty. By LORD GORELL. *Sylvan Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Poems of John Keats. Edited by JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY. Decorated by MICHAEL AYRTON. *Peter Nevill.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Both Lord Gorell and Richard Church admit that much interest in Keats belongs rather to art than to scholarship. Lord Gorell protests against the hyperbolic adulation of Middleton Murry's statement that "There is no man living and no man has ever lived, who has the right to pass judgment upon Keats. It is an act of terrible presumption." Mr. Murry might defend himself by saying that he means that no man has the right to judge (morally) any other man, but as the statement stands, it is quite in character with the cult to which, moreover, both Lord Gorell and Mr. Church also subscribe in different degrees. Both these authors admit that this cult is one much out of tune with the mental climate of the present time. "Essentially opposed as he is to so much that is today regarded as of supreme importance, he (Keats) is still taken into the heart of the world as almost no other writer has ever been or is likely ever again to be," Lord Gorell writes; and his book is a wreath laid on the shrine of the poet whose "wonderful lock of hair" he was once privileged to handle. "When as a boy I first discovered him, he was . . . as a magical, mystical elder brother . . . Now he is become, as it were, almost as a son, a loved figure, still, inevitably, wondered at and pondered over, flaming on in eternal Youth." And Richard Church, writing of his first introduction to Keats' poems: "I recollect still a physical cataclysm that came upon me. A great flash of light blinded my eyes, a sense of something opening, as it were a parting of clouds." For Lord Gorell, apparently, the magic has lasted, but many will agree with Richard Church that the Keats experience is for the young, and that a re-reading of the poetry in later life is disillusioning. Richard Church regrets the "debility of the faculty of enthusiasm" that makes the kind of experience that he describes rare in the post-Eliot generation, but has himself, apparently, become more critical of Keats. Lord Gorell remains devout and uses such phrases as "all real adherents of Keats," or "Sir Sidney Colvin—one whose devotion to Keats is incontestable" much as others have written about saints, or Bonny Prince Charlie, or Hitler, these idols, good and bad, that are for different reasons worshipped.

I do not see why Lord Gorell should regard the Keats cult as unprecedented. Several other English poets have taken on symbolic associations not commensurable with their writings. Byron was a symbol for the whole of Europe, and is said to have been the model of Goethe's Euphorion. In this more psychological age we would probably be inclined to put it the other way round and say that Byron was a particularly clear instance of the disposition of mind of which Euphorion is a symbol, and which was epidemic in mid-nineteenth century Europe much as Nazism was a few years ago (a psychological, not a moral comparison). In Scotland Burns is still a magic name, and in the sixteenth century Sir Philip Sidney, soldier, poet and type of a conception of nobility, commanded a veneration of a similar kind. Keats, I suppose, is the type and symbol of the undeveloped imagination and the unfulfilled promise that not only the young and the semi-literate (and most of Keats' adherents belong to those two groups) but also many sensitive minds in whom the muse has never matured, feel to be their own. Imaginative immaturity is a marked characteristic of our materialistic civilisation. There is the frustrated love too. This adolescent variant of the Daphne myth was very real to the nineteenth century; the lover who can "never, never kiss," who was also a Lycidas "dead e'er his prime," made of Keats a more perfect symbol than Shelley, who both in poetry and in love achieved much more. And was he not also the poor boy who never had a chance, a symbol already potent in the unlovable figure of Chatterton, but infinitely more touching in the gentle and single-minded Keats?

Cult figures of this kind are not necessarily second-rate—indeed there must certainly be an element of valid greatness in even the worst of them—but they are unlikely to be complex, or to be far in advance of the aspirations of their devotees. Coleridge is not only a greater poet than Keats, but suffered spiritual and bodily anguish beyond anything that the young Keats lived to know. He looked into imaginative heights and depths that Keats never sighted and his conception of the scope of the "romantic" genius is infinitely greater. But Coleridge is too rich, too diverse, too profound, and, heaven knows, too difficult to read, to become a symbol. The romantic rediscovery of the potency of the imagination was a greater thing than has yet been fully realised. But the Keats cult has brought romantic poetry into disrepute by identifying it, in common acceptance, with youthful ecstasies and daydreams like those that occupy so much of Keats's writings, as well as Shelley's. It is only with Joyce, Yeats and Eliot that poetic imagination has been fully reinstated as a mature—perhaps the most mature—mode of thought; as the spirit of prophecy that has in the past guided nations for whom Tiresias or Ezekiel, not a day-dreaming, lovesick boy, were the symbols of inspired vision.

Of these three volumes, Mr. Middleton Murry's is the most professional and the least silly. His introduction is a brief but judicious assessment of the comparative merits of Keats's achievement and development. He points out the formative influence of Coleridge's *Sibylline Leaves*, published in 1817, in diverting him from the "Huntian rhymed couplets" of Endymion. He defends *The Cap and Bells* (not "worthy" of Keats according to the devout) and quotes Keats's own dismissal of *Isabella* as "mawkish" and *St. Agnes' Eve* as scarcely less so. One feels that Mr. Murry alone has understood Keats as he would have wished to be understood.

For Keats himself was the last man ever to have subscribed to the cult of his own adolescent muse. He knew that he possessed genius, but, modest and self-critical, he regarded most of his own poems as the promising juvenilia that they are. He progressed, as all his critics have pointed out, very fast during the few years of his poetic life, and the second draft of Hyperion shows how far he had already moved beyond the purely decorative mythologising of *Endymion*, and the schoolboy fantasy of *St. Agnes' Eve*. Familiarity with Spenser must pale even the derivative magic of *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*. Nothing that Keats wrote about the imagination can be compared to the inspired speculations of Coleridge and Blake. But before one had read those long and difficult poets, Keats gave a foretaste. His letters can still be admired by many who like myself shudder at most of the poems, and remain unmoved even by the Odes, so aptly described by William Empson as "anthology pieces" Mr. Church's claims for Keats rest finally upon his human integrity, a quality to which the letters so movingly testify. His faith in the values of the individual as against the mass—in the imagination, and the holiness of the heart's affections; in the kind of truth that can only be "proved on our pulses"—may well prove to be, as Mr. Church believes, Keats's greatest contribution to humanity.

KATHLEEN RAINE

LEFT-WING SOCIALISM

A History of the Labour Party. By G. D. H. COLE. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

Labour's Big Three. By J. T. MURPHY. *Bodley Head.* 15*s.*

These two books should be read together, for they complement each other. Mr. Cole, continuing his *British Working Class Politics* 1832-1914 has produced what is likely to remain for some time a standard source book of Labour Party history. Perhaps the title is a little misleading, since what he has done is not to write history in the strict sense of the word but to compose a chronicle, spiced with some racy personal comments. All the facts are here, including some valuable charts and statistics. But the record is presented in the "flat." No attempt is made either to set it against the background of history or to interpret it in accordance with a particular Socialist philosophy. Like Thucydides, Mr. Cole also withdrew from active participation in the events which he describes. But whereas the Greek historian regarded his task as political diagnosis and arranged his facts to illustrate his theory of social development, Mr. Cole believes that the facts should tell their own story. His "scientific" approach to history makes the incursions of personal judgment stand out from the text more abruptly than they would in a less objective record. Nevertheless, he has given us an invaluable book which any one interested in British political history is bound to keep on his reference bookshelf.

Mr. Murphy—one-time Communist, later a close advisor of Sir Stafford Cripps in the days of the Socialist League and now of no fixed political abode but "somewhere on the Left,"—has attempted a more ambitious task. He has tried to weave the biographies of Attlee, Morrison and Cripps into a Socialist appraisal of the development of the British Labour Movement. I do not think he has succeeded—the biographical pages too often interrupt the flow of the historical narrative. But he has produced a lively and unusual piece of Socialist analysis which puts flesh on the bare bones of G. D. H. Cole's chronicle. Reading *Labour's Big Three*, we understand, for instance, the central importance of the conflict between the Morrisonian concept of the public corporation and the Left-wing demand for workers' control. The results of the defeat of the Left on this issue at the Leicester Conference in 1932 are now beginning to be felt, as it becomes clear first that the establishment of the public corporation is not the end but the beginning of socialisation and secondly that the Party has no clear idea of what the next steps after the transfer to State-ownership should be.

In dealing with Party Conferences, Mr. Murphy, unlike Mr. Cole, is not content to record tendencies and decisions. He quotes extensively from the speeches of his "Big Three" and these quotations form one of the most valuable features of his book. But, unfortunately, he evades the questions which he sets out to answer. Like G. D. H. Cole, Mr. Murphy writes as an avowed Left-winger,

highly critical of Ernest Bevin's foreign policy and of Morrison's antipathy to industrial democracy. But nowhere in his book does he indicate the theoretical basis of Left-wing Socialism.

The reason for this failure is clear enough. By 1936, "Left" had come to mean not a radical Socialist programme in domestic politics, but support for the Popular Front and for the Russian alliance against Hitler. This was a major success for the Communists. Ever since, they have managed to sustain, even within the Labour Party, the myth that the Communist Party forms the extreme Left of the British Labour movement, and that any one who is really to the left of the Old Guard must *ipso facto* be nearer to their position. It is this belief—that Left equals pro-Russian—which has killed the Radical self-criticism which the Labour Party so badly needs and prevented the formation of a ginger group to take the place of the I.L.P. It may well be that, within the next five years, we may see the rise of a Radical Right-wing inside the Party, seeking to revive the Socialist ideals for which Mr. Cole and Mr. Murphy both fought so prominently in the 1920s.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

NEW NOVELS

The Unknown Sea. By FRANÇOIS MAURIAC. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 9*s.*

The Tragic Innocents. By RENÉ BARJAVEL. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Attic Pretenders. By ERNST KREUDER. *Putnam.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

And Then You Came. By ANN BRIDGE. *Chatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Not the least inconvenience of planned economies for those of us who have known another age is the virtual disappearance of modern foreign books from our bookshops. No doubt with time we shall be taught to make light of our loss, and to imitate the sniggers of Mr. Bevin. Meanwhile, let us get what comfort we can from the translations of Continental novels which are being published here in growing numbers. At last for instance we have M. Mauriac's nine-year-old near-masterpiece, *Les Chemins de la Mer*, tolerably well done into English by Mr. Gerard Hopkins, and going under an English title which for a wonder is quite appropriate, *The Unknown Sea*. In this monumental, repugnant, yet fascinating work M. Mauriac returns to the Bordeaux of forty years ago, and the rapacity of its *haute bourgeoisie*. As one contemplates the economic system culminating in the "*deux cent familles*"—which ruined one Republic and bids fair to ruin another—one asks oneself whether it was for this that Mirabeau thundered and Marat died? M. Mauriac's answer is quite definitely, Yes. Léonie Costadot's raid upon Lucienne Revolou in the hour of her misfortune, the extraction from her of her last remaining assets, bringing misery to one family without gaiety to the other, is in a way a microcosm of the dilemma in which the Third Republic died, the desperate urge at all costs to keep one's material chattels intact. Just because we were too stupid to know we were beaten in the summer of 1940, an air of virtue would now ill become us; nevertheless, when one reads *The Unknown Sea*, one can contemplate with fresh understanding such a superficially baffling character as Pétain.

If you are capable of reading *The Unknown Sea* with such detachment as you might direct to a treatise upon the instinct for survival among termites, then by all means fall to. But if like me, you are in danger of being seduced by this talent at once robust and despairing, then leave this book for a happier time of year. The trouble to my mind about M. Mauriac—and it is just as true of *Thérèse* as of *Les Chemins de la Mer*—is that in the heat of his denunciation, his pulpit becomes consumed by his own flames. So that at the end, we are left feeling that while the world of the Revolous and the Costadots may be hideous and reprehensible, there exists no longer any other hole into which one may crawl to forget it. Or to take another simile, it is as if M. Mauriac had learned parrot-wise those parts of *Crime and Punishment* concerned with money-lending and murder, and had neglected those underlying elements of wit and hope which as we know from his Siberian correspondence, Dostoievsky did not put in merely to please his serial readers.

In construction also, of course, the book belongs more to Dostoievsky's age than to our own. The curious contrapuntal relationship of the Revolous and the Costadots, with the twin themes of loving rapacity and ungenerous love, seems to be tidying up a piece of work which Balzac had left unfinished; it deals with a problem of settled society which we can no longer recognise as germane to our own. And the character of the nauseous head clerk, Landin, inflated to such monstrous proportions, and then pricked with so arbitrary a pin? What are we to make of these hoary shifts? Nevertheless, the performance as a whole must compel our guarded admiration.

M. Barjavel's *The Tragic Innocents* obviously owes much to the Mauriac tradition; and so long as he sticks to that tradition all goes tolerably well. It is a study of adolescent love in Occupied France. Jean Tarandol stealing strawberries from his headmaster's garden at dead of night sees a beautiful young girl undress at her unblacked-out window. The hero, and his lovely obsession, Marie Margherite, meet, fall in love, are separated by the sneaking of a schoolmate, come together for an idyllic passionate moment, are swept up into the tragedy of their time, and at last separated for good this side of the grave.

Monsieur Barjavel sets off to tell his story with an admirable kind of tough lyricism. Here, one says, is someone who can build on the Mauriac formula just that romantic structure which we need for shelter in these anguished times. And his two lovers—they do not count the blackheads in each other's noses, as Robert Costadot counted Rose Revolou's. But alas! Monsieur Barjavel begins soon to daydream. The young creatures of his fancy, or the boy at least, are no longer held at arm's length. Closer and closer they come, assuming the distorted unreality of a face about to be kissed; and then they have entered M. Barjavel himself, have become mere symbols of something suspiciously like middle-aged nostalgia. Few artistic achievements are more moving than those which evoke some image of youthful ecstasy now utterly vanished. But M. Barjavel's attempt, graceful though it is, does not quite come off.

The Attic Pretenders is apparently the first post-war novel to come out of Germany since the war. It was published there two years ago. It is the product of despair, yet is one of the least despairing books I have read for a long time. Here, material calamity, far from ending life—as it did for most of M. Mauriac's characters—means liberation from the leaden trappings, the daily torments of normal experience. It is a metaphysical stratagem of release, difficult of comprehension for a world brought up to revere social security, but perfectly familiar to the XVIIth century, to Andrew Marvell in particular:

> Casting the body's vest aside,
> My soul into the boughs doth glide.

The heavy symbolism, the sense of remorseless fate which we had every right to expect from such a book, are entirely absent. No direct mention, either, of defeat or war, though of course they haunt even the first page where Wilhelm, encountered by the river, searches through his pockets to find "a green envelope in which were a few squashed cigarettes." By Wilhelm, with whom he may or may not have been at school, the narrator is taken to the attic of a department

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store. There among cash registers, office desks, letter-boxes filled with dried figs, toy grocer's shops, and photographer's studios, they meet four others, Oscar, Waldemar, Karl and Ludwig, stripped as free of material impediments as they are. Life progresses unfettered by the grey chain of cause and effect; cucumbers are sprinkled with salt out of inkpots; for no valid reason the six men fall on a clue to a buried treasure; before the narrator goes off in search of it, they dress up to form a secret society; they decide to invest the treasure when found in the purchase of a river-steamer or possibly a circus.

Easy enough to find the treasure, and with it a young woman who threatens to become an encumbrance. When the narrator returns to the attic, the store has taken it over; behind orderly rows of mackintoshes there is no trace left of his friends. But sandwichmen on stilts reunite the virtuous conspirators; the river-steamer is acquired, they set off into infinity; only one thing remains to be done—for the narrator, Berchtold, to free himself from the advancing tendrils of the girl. She is put ashore in the last pages with the poor fool of her childhood love, Wilhelm. No superfluous baggage can be allowed.

Throughout its long history of self-immolation, the Germanic world has periodically found comfort in the parable stripped close to the bone. Of this tendency, Meierinck I suppose is the supreme example (not Kafka, who was really preoccupied with problems of human morality rather than of human folly). *The Attic Pretenders* is in that great tradition. I can recall no work of imagination inspired by the war which is less cringing than this book, more spirited an affirmation of Western man's resolve to survive the consequences of his own folly.

Miss Ann Bridge's *And Then You Came* (let me hasten to say that the title is taken from a poem of Yeats) exercises upon me a fascination which I suspect of being unhealthy, for all the raw-boned tweed-clad members of the Highland gentry who stride through its pages. I particularly enjoyed Miss Bridge's dissertations upon the perfections of the Highland social system, with its regiments of respectful devoted crofters and under-housemaids, and the arch little cultural touches, the references to "exquisite Vieux Saxe and Meissen porcelain." But her best pages are those in which she essays the sort of slang which modern young people, if we are to believe her, speak in those parts. The subject (page 194) is a vitrified pre-historic earthwork which her characters are digging up like mad:

"He rang her up with the suggestion that she and Nora should 'buzz over' tomorrow or the next day to see the new finds—no end of 'vitrifaggers.' . . . He dropped one phrase about his not being 'madly keen on their all milling around there all day.' Helen agreed—'I get-cher' was the phrase she used."

I am still looking for the phrase I should use.

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

THE HALF-GODS

Vedanta for the Western World. Edited with an Introduction by CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD. *Allen and Unwin.* 16*s.*

The Californian experiment began ten years ago. The English intellectuals who abandoned a more or less secular attitude to study the writings of the mystics and the practices of the school of Sri Ramakrishna have not returned; while their more numerous brothers who charged leftwards from liberalism at about the same time have now swung back to the defence of spiritual values, the spiritual content of which is hard to define.

Vedanta for the Western World is a selection from a periodical published at Los Angeles throughout the war years; "a parish magazine," the editor calls it, "a family affair." But the local worthies who write for it are well known beyond their parish boundaries, and there has been no lack of interest in the community they have founded. The curious, however, will be disappointed, for there is no hint in this book of the nature of their psychological method or discipline. The Hindu contributors, in their anxiety to come to terms with European thought, dissolve into a flood of verbiage in which Western names and Indian religious terms are thrown together in this uneasy juxtaposition:

> But all of this pseudo-intuition of Bergson and Croce has no relation to the Nirvana of Buddha, the Samadhi of the Yogis, and the Turiya or transcendental consciousness of the Upanishad.

It is not for this kind of hazy classification that Mr. Huxley has gone to the Rama Krishna order. He is, as we know from his own essays in this book, very capable of classifying the mystics for himself. But since the four Indian contributors were apparently trained by pupils of Ramakrishna, a nineteenth-century Indian saint of genuine and remarkable powers, we can only suppose that they are in possession of an oral tradition, which they are capable of transmitting, though not of writing down.

The English writers are a great deal more engaging, particularly Gerald Heard, who gives a most sympathetic account of Brother Lawrence, a mystic who, in the rush and noise of a monastery kitchen or while travelling as a wine buyer for his community, never lost sight of the Presence of God; a tough, humble little cripple, he spoke on equal terms with Fénelon, and preserved the Quaker-like simplicity of his devotion in despite of the theological thunderings of Jesuit and Jansenist. Christopher Isherwood, too, is at his best here in an imaginary conversation between Vivekenanda, Ramakrishna's missionary to the west, and the divine Sarah Bernhardt, in her dressing-room after a performance of *La Dame aux Camélias*; one can have no doubt that Mr. Norris was in the audience that night.

Aldous Huxley's own contributions have, for the most part, been incorporated in his last books. But for his essays, Mr. Heard's and Mr. Isherwood's, one can forgive the book the inclusion of various cloudy reflections on such subjects as "How to Integrate our Personality" and "Control of the Subconscious Mind."

"But," the positivist may resume, "what is it that drives Westerners to seek the truth from authorities whose intellectual grasp is so much less acute than their own?" A bald account by John van Druten, a fellow traveller only, himself a Christian Scientist, of an experience of his will suggest an answer.

> One afternoon I was asleep on my bed. My sleep was a deep one, so deep that when I awoke from it, I could not momentarily remember where I was, and as I lay with my eyes still closed I found myself struggling to lay hold of the continuity of life. After a moment the knowledge came to me: "I am in California. This body lying beside me (for so it seemed at that moment) on the bed; this thing called 'me' that I accept as 'me'; *that* is in California, but I am where I have always been."

Such experiences are not uncommon, at least in our youth, and they are taken by many as pointers towards the possibility of developing a kind of spiritual perception as immediate as the painter's vision, or as Coleridge's strange dream in which he "heard" the whole of *Kubla Khan*. These unexpected states of heightened awareness are only sometimes connected with overtly religious symbols; they may carry with them no more than the sensation of ones having been in some way more acutely alive. The established religions make little of these apparently very secular fluctuations of consciousness; Freudians and Behaviourists have no doubt their explanations; the positivist refers to similar states that can be induced by the inhaling of nitrous oxide. But to one who has known such conditions, they retain their significance; in a world of tragic events they alone appear to offer some promise or reassur-

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ance. The Indian mystic has a thorough understanding of such phenomena and a developed psychological vocabulary with which to describe them; and, furthermore, his Yoga methods include exercises in concentration, which, by holding down the casual thoughts, render these states of heightened consciousness sometimes attainable.

J. M. COHEN

ANOTHER NELSON

The Durable Monument. By ADMIRAL SIR W. M. JAMES. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

On the anniversary of Trafalgar England expects that at least one publisher will do his duty. A year ago, after Mr. Renalt Capes had sized up the hero's human failings in *Poseidon*, Miss Oman's vast *Nelson* covered every phase of his career so thoroughly that surely there was nothing more to be said. About Nelson, however, it is impossible to say the last word: every biographer can approach him from a new direction. Along comes Admiral James now to speak of him as one admiral of another.

The purpose of *The Durable Monument* is to portray Nelson as Admiral James sees him—a courageous, warm-hearted, practical sea-officer, with his human weaknesses neither emphasised nor minimised, but without any of the ridiculous anecdotes and rubbishy melodrama attributed to him by previous biographers. To that extent the book is a complete success. Admiral James's style is terse and vigorous, his knowledge of naval warfare professional; and he has even served in a sailing ship and lived for years aboard the *Victory* at Portsmouth. Nelson can be trusted to emerge from these competent hands with credit to himself, his country and his biographer. But is the picture a true likeness? Was Nelson really like that? I should say, M'yes. Had Admiral James served in Nelson's ship, he could not have seen him more clearly, more appreciatively or more dispassionately; but the "band of brothers" were not in a position to see more than one facet of their hero's character.

Nelson is not the only admiral to turn a blind eye to his telescope: there are some signals Admiral James is unwilling to recognise. "Discarding what is obviously counterfeit" in historical records before writing a biography is not quite as simple as throwing the tophamper of a ship overboard before going into action, a proceeding of which Admiral James's no-nonsense methods remind one. For instance, all stories in which Nelson "cuts a very foolish figure" are rejected: "that he never was," says the Admiral. But if you deny Nelson his silliness and sentimentality, you toss overboard an essential element in his character, and, what is more, one with which he himself was perfectly satisfied: he was never aware of having the dual personality which his admirers are so eager to foist on him.

Admiral James's view is that there was the true Nelson, "the honest, simple man at heart," "always himself when the enemy fleets were at sea," and his *doppelgänger*, "another Nelson . . . a vainglorious Nelson . . . seen very occasionally . . . never on board ship, usually in the hothouse atmosphere of a foreign court when surrounded by flatterers." In fact, the other Nelson boils down to the poor fellow who fell into Emma's clutches. Towards that lady Admiral James expresses in more polite terms much the same resentment as induced an earlier Admiral to call her "that infernal bitch Lady Hamilton." But even for the infatuation with Emma he has discovered an excuse I never heard before. At the battle of the Nile Nelson received a cut on the forehead from a flying scrap of metal. It was treated as a superficial flesh-wound. But Admiral James's theory is that for six months afterwards Nelson was suffering from some kind of concussion that warped his sense of duty and put him at the mercy of a designing woman. "All her beauty and wiles would have been powerless against his innate qualities of head and heart, if he had only been suffering from fatigue."

With the other Nelson safely stowed away as a sort of inflammation of the brain, Admiral James considers the true Nelson with great perspicacity: the concentration of will-power and imagination that made him such a successful tactician; the boyish charm that captivated his fellow-officers and men; and the temperamental ups-and-downs that bewildered the Board of Admiralty. For to the vexed question of Nelson's health Admiral James is not afraid to apply modern psychology: his constant preoccupation with symptoms is ascribed to a mental cause. Nelson could not bear to run on the level; he had to be elated or depressed; and depression made him feel ill. Actually the post-mortem after Trafalgar revealed that his vital organs were perfectly sound and more like those of a youth than a man of 48.

The Durable Monument is a thoughtful and well-written life of the great British Admiral. But the erratic genius who talked like a braggart one minute and a statesman the next—without the least trace of embarrassment—that disconcerting person finds no place on the pedestal.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

MAGIC BOX.

Julia Margaret Cameron. Pioneer of Photography. By HELMUT GERNSHEIM. *Fountain Press.* 21*s.*

The stilted conventions of 18th and 19th century portraiture determined the style of most early photographers. The court-painter's fuzzy background of tumbled woods and the foreground props—a balustrade, column or fancy chair—were adopted by the fashionable photographer. Posed formally against the sketchy backcloth stiff, dull people, as similar as Japanese soldiers, stare bleakly out at us from every album. Mrs. Cameron reacted against this limited use of a new art. On the strength of only the slightest technical proficiency she decided to become a pioneer. As D. W. Griffiths was to do for the cinema some fifty years later, she developed the close-up. The large, blurred faces of the men she photographed start from backgrounds of sepia darkness with all the intensity of a Caravaggio or a Feti. Tennyson complained that in his photograph he looked like a dirty monk, and it can be said of all her male sitters—Herschel, Trollope, Longfellow, Watts or Browning—that they seem more like lunatics, crazed visionaries or murderers than the respectable lions of Little Holland House or Freshwater Bay. Spotted, smeared, sometimes cracked right across, her prints invited the criticism they received. Indiscriminating admirers have praised this lack of technique, have tried to prove that her smeary effects were intended, and that she invented the "soft-focus" mannerism, but her negligence cannot be so readily excused, nor should it be elevated into a virtue. By 1860 photography was well advanced and equipment comparatively adequate. The camera was no longer a magic box, in front of which invalids were brought to sit in the hopes of a cure. Already in France Nadar had broken away from convention, but his photographs have a surface brilliance and above all a competence that is never evident in Mrs. Cameron's pictures.

Mr. Gernsheim has written a diverting account of this amiable eccentric. Lively but wearing, gifted but erratic, she was like one of those absurd and sympathetic characters out of a Marx brothers film (physically she curiously resembled Margaret Dumont). Like many leisured women of her period married to older men, she was unsatisfied and looked for a Cause on which she might lavish her surplus energy and love. What would have remained a hobby with others became a vocation for her. She pursued verisimilitude with the singlemindedness of a Holman Hunt, and

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spared no one. Hands and dress stained by smelly chemicals, she would solemnly lock the young model for Despair into an attic in the hopes of extracting from her the appropriate expression. For her illustrations to the Idylls of the King she press-ganged her husband, and the porter from Yarmouth pier. Daily she would pose them against the incongruous background of her chicken house studio, whose corners regularly showed in final prints, though they were heaped with white muslin curtains to represent the Arthurian Lake. Meals would appear very irregularly in this odd household because less photogenic guests were obliged to deputise for the bevy of sullen Pre-Raphaelite parlour-maids who had spent a morning, rigidly arranged as the Rosebud Garden of Girls. Although traces of Mrs. Cameron's qualities sometimes distinguish these tableaux, they have little merit; but to quote Bernard Shaw "the photographer is like the cod which produces a million eggs in order that one may reach maturity."

The author, himself one of our most prominent photographers, evaluates her work fairly and places her in a right perspective both technically and artistically. Incompetence apart almost all of her portraits have something compelling about them. They may be faulty and uneven, but they have inspiration—a quality which the over development of photographic machinery has almost entirely succeeded in eliminating. They are minor works of art, simple, original, moving and beautiful. Portraits by Karsh, a comparable modern photographer who with the split second magic of a modern camera aims at the same intensity as Mrs. Cameron, seem for all their gloss, pedestrian by comparison. There is no longer that important element of chance. They are too infallible.

JOHN RICHARDSON

The Life and Work of Robert Hancock. By CYRIL COOK. *Chapman & Hall.* 42*s.*

One of the few entirely English contributions to the art of porcelain seems to have been the development of transfer-printing, whereby designs are printed from engraved copperplates. Before 1753 porcelain and enamels were decorated by hand-painting, too leisurely a method, perhaps, for a country just beginning to inhale the marijuana of mass-production. Robert Hancock, if not the inventor of the technique, did at least produce some well-executed and pleasing designs that contributed to the fame of the Worcester works. That, and the fact that he seems to have given the connoisseurs a good run for their money, is the sum total of posterity's debt to Mr. Hancock. To Mr. Cook we owe some arid biographical data extracted mainly from the public records, a careful sifting of the opinions and expertise of others, a bibliography, a list cataloguing in all its variants every known print attributed to Hancock, and 130 generally fair half-tone illustrations that provide us with a nice succession of parrots, pagodas, pastorales, Kings of Prussia, and eighteenth century tea-parties, in the main pastiches of the then popular French style, and only occasionally displaying a genuine native invention. Mr. Cook is an enthusiast, and has produced a painstaking catalogue raisonné that will undoubtedly be of the greatest interest to the members of the English Ceramic Circle.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

OPERA. Ravel: *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges* (Soloists/Choir/Orch. Nat. de la Radiodiffusion Française/Ernest Bour. LX1124-8 and LXS1129). I am not surprised that this set should have won the "Grand Prix des Disques" for 1948. The work is an opera-ballet about a child who discovers that the chairs and tables, the fire and the clock, as well as the trees and animals out in the garden, have personalities that resist his own. The score is a miracle of humour, tenderness and ingenuity, and it is most beautifully realised on these discs. (The set is provided with a leaflet giving the complete text in French, as sung, and the stage directions in English—a very sensible plan.) The singers enter into the spirit of the jokes without exaggeration or loss of musical tone—no mean feat when it comes to the cats and the frogs! Except for a rather poor, but very brief, effort on the part of a solo shepherdess, the level of the singing is extremely high. As the child, Nadine Sautereau does not manage to sound in the least childlike, but the quality of her voice is excellent. The orchestra plays consummately and the recording is very sweet.

SYMPHONIES. Haydn: No. 88 in G major (NSO/Jorda. AK1472-4); Tchaikovsky: Fourth in F minor (Philharmonia/Dobrowen. C3809-13). Haydn's eighty-eighth symphony still cries out for a good recording, since the Toscanini set, though wonderfully played, is repellently shrill. I'm afraid I cannot recommend the Decca version with any confidence. The playing is dull and heavy, the balance poor (oboes and flutes constantly drowned by whistling strings), and the recording exceedingly waspish. The Tchaikovsky No. 4 is equally in need of a really careful new recording. The latest set is very much alive and has a surprising dynamic range, but it cannot be called careful. Some of the tutti are grossly overblown and the playing leaves a good deal to be desired. The oboe solo at the opening of the Andantino is so insensitively played as to sound like a bagpipe. The Hallé/Lambert issue is a good recording of a rather poor performance. I recommend the Koussevitzky set as still the best.

CONCERTOS. Beethoven: Fifth in E flat major (Schnabel/Philharmonia/Dobrowen. DB6692-6); Szymanswski: First Violin Concerto, op. 35 (Uminska/Philharmonia/Fitelberg. R20563-5); Bach: Brandenburg No. 6 in B flat (Boyd Neel Orch. AK1580-1); Vivaldi: Concerto D major (Landowska. DB6819); Haydn: Trumpet Concerto (Harry Mortimer/Philharmonia/Weldon. DX1535-6). Schnabel's new recording of the "Emperor" replaces all other extant versions of this heroic concerto. An individual detail of phrasing or tempo here and there may displease some listeners, but I doubt whether there will be any profound disagreement about the merits of this set, which seem to me very great. Occasionally orchestra and solo are not quite synchronous, and Schnabel's clipping of the semi-quavers in the Rondo theme, though highly characteristic of this artist, strikes me as a mistake; but the performance as a whole reveals a superlative integration of thought, feeling and technique. The balance is particularly good (piano not too near, for once) and the recording is full and resonant from top to bottom. It was a grand gesture on the part of Parlophone to record Szymanowski's First Violin Concerto, and I hope discophiles will show their gratitude by buying the set. This one-movement concerto is emotionally akin to that of Delius, though the material, which owes something to Strauss and more to Scriabin, is very different. Some perhaps may start by finding the rapture of this music too hysterical, the climaxes too frenzied, the structure too highly decorated to be followed. But if only they persevere they will, I think, end by discovering a true eloquence in the themes and will yield to the extraordinary, kaleidoscopic beauty of the sound. Make no mistake: this work is a profoundly imaginative and lovely thing—one of the very few great concertos to be added to the violinist's repertoire in the past fifty years. The performance is about as fine as can be imagined: although the tessitura of the solo part is appallingly high, Mme Uminska's tone never loses its steadiness and her phrasing is most sensitive. As for the recording, it is a triumph: even the heaviest climaxes of the gigantic score come through in a balance and truth of tone which are astonishing. The Boyd Neel issue of *Brandenburg* No. 6 can safely be put beside this orchestra's versions of the first five concertos. A delightfully equable performance, it avoids tiresome bustle in the opening allegro and achieves a good balance in the beautiful Adagio, where the viola tone is especially fine. The complete set of these concertos is now a most desirable possession. When

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an admirable—and highly saleable—recording exists of the Andante and Finale of Haydn's *Trumpet Concerto*, what possesses Columbia that they now issue another and in every respect less good version? True, the new set contains the first movement, as the old did not; but the present performance is vastly inferior. Unlike Mr. Eskdale's, Mr. Mortimer's tone has a vibrato which makes his instrument sound like a saxophone; and the orchestral part, very summarily played, has a nasty edge. Not worth buying, even for the sake of the dull first movement. The Vivaldi Concerto (one of those arranged for the harpsichord by J. S. Bach) is an agreeable little piece, but it is recorded at so low a level that the surface perforce becomes heavy. Mme Landowska's phrasing and registration are as masterly as ever, but her tone sounds rather spidery and the recording is light on bass.

MISCELLANEOUS ORCHESTRAL. Rimsky-Korsakoff: *Scheherazade Suite* (Paris Conservatoire/Ansermet. AK1980-5); Mendelssohn: *A Midsummer Night's Dream Overture* (RPO/Beecham. DB6820-1); Tchaikovsky: *Theme and Variations in G major*, Op. 55 (LPO/Leinsdorf. AK1987-8); Dvorak: *Carnival Overture* (LPO/Kleiber. K1989); Borodin: *Polovtsian Dances* ("Prince Igor") (LPO/Fitelberg. AK1536-7); Kodaly: *Hary Janos Suite* (Philadelphia/Ormandy. LX1130-2); Grieg: *Peer Gynt Suite No. 2* (Birmingham Orch./Weldon. DX1531-2); Johann Strauss: *Roses of the South* (New SO/Krips. K1986); Ditto: *Perpetuum Mobile* and *Annen Polka* (Ditto. M621).

In recent years the Stokowsky version of *Scheherazade* has held pride of place. Now—I think indubitably—the new issue supplants it, not only for the recording, which tingles with life and avoids all the modern pitfalls, but for the sure taste and authority of Ansermet's shaping of each musical period. Sacrificing, as time after time it does, musical interest to mere effect, this suite has never yet succeeded so completely in compelling our assent to a symphonic structure that relies entirely on clever sequences, held together by devices of concerto technique. Nobody could aim such criticisms as these at the *Midsummer Night's Dream Overture*, which also needed re-recording. I have no fault to find with this issue, which is instinct with grace and vivacity and is carefully recorded. On side 4 is a *Scherzo*, from the Handel-Beecham "Amaryllis" Suite. By and large the *Variations* from Tchaikovsky's Third Suite come well out of this recording, which has plenty of concert-hall tone; but I do not greatly care for Mr. Leinsdorf's handling of the work. He hurries it out of its lyrical habit—especially in the eloquent variation which precedes the final tirade; and the solo violin brings little conviction to his part. The *Carnival Overture* is played with spirit and feeling, but the recording is thin and acid. For this reason only I prefer the NSO/Rankl version (Decca). Almost any performance of the *Polovtsian Dances* which includes the choral parts is preferable to one which doesn't, so I continue to recommend the Beecham set, old though it is. The present issue—the concert version made by Glazounoff and Rimsky-Korsakoff—is uncut, but, though well recorded, it is sleepily conducted and lacks *élan*. In this sense it is the exact opposite of the new *Hary Janos*, which glitters with pageantry. The presence of the dulcimer in the "Song" enhances the effect of the most musically interesting of these movements. The recording is among the best made by the Philadelphia orchestra. Readers are advised to stick to the LPO/Cameron set of *Peer Gynt* No. 2. The new set has some good violin tone, but the performance as a whole is deeply uninteresting. *Roses of the South* has all the charm and verve we have come to expect of Herr Krips's renderings of Johann Strauss, and the recording is excellent. In the *Perpetuum Mobile* it was surely a mistake to allow a voice (presumably the conductor's) to interpose the words "and so on," followed by loud final chords. After a couple of playings, this joke becomes very tiresome. In the *Annen Polka* the beat is just too slow: we cease to attend.

I owe an apology to all concerned for confusing two singers in my review of the *St. Matthew Passion* last month. Instead of Karl Erb I should, of course, have written Gerhard Hüsch.

Space-saving key: DB, DBS, C = HMV.
LX, LXS, DX = Columbia.
K, AK, M = Decca.
R = Parlophone.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST.

(to be concluded)

Week-end Competitions

No. 986

Set by Thomas Smallbones

The usual prizes are offered for three English maxims in the manner of La Rochefoucauld on contemporary moral types. Entries by January 18th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 983

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes are offered for a fable in sixteen lines of verse, entitled The Gift.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

I must congratulate competitors on the great variety of their entries and their high standard. The animal fables had a sardonic edge, a hard-licked proverbial texture, with which a fable employing human characters cannot vie. Uncle and Aunt cannot compete with fox and vixen. Still, I did not refuse to consider the human moral tale or even the grave moralisings of Wm. Bliss, M. Trench or S. W. H., who gingerly and skilfully wheeled a sermonette à la Tupper across the page. The best political fabulists were Fergie, L. E. J. and Guy Kendall. The darker and private side of misguided self-interest yielded the best lines. I wish "Kippy" had kept up the quality of his first verse:

There stood with her jaws in a choker of silk
And her finicking paws in a muff
Godmother Weasel as mopping as milk—
With red eyes as explosive as snuff.

I had great difficulty in distinguishing the finalists—E. W. Fordham, G. G. Blundell, J. R. Major, Chauve-Souris, Allan M. Laing, L. Marshall Jones, R. S. Jaffray were among them. In the end I awarded 25s. each to John Grant, Archy (address please), J. R. Till, R. J. P. Hewison and Leslie Johnson.

Ane mery Mous that in the Burgh did byde
Anys went to seik the hame quhair[1] scho[2] was borne;
Her rurall sister sone this pylgryme spyde,
And brocht forth nutts and stubbill corne;
This gift the Burgess Mous thocht but ane scorne,
And said "Fair sister, pray have me excusit;
To such rude fare my stomok is not usit."

Then back to toun in pryde scho blythlie yeid,[3]
Thinkand[4] on cheis to dyne with mery cheir,
(Of Gib the Cat, nor trap, had scho no dreid,
But skippit alway free and leuch[5] ful clere).
But in her butterie, quhair lay her gere,
Ane cheis was set upon ane new-laid trap,
Quhylk[6] sore increesed her aftir-dinner nap.

MORALITAS

Quha[7] hes aneuch,[8] of no mair hes he neid,
So tak the sempill gift, or els tak heid.

[1] where [2] she [3] went [4] thinking
[5] laughed [6] which [7] who [8] enough.

JOHN GRANT

Snoring through Mayfair's languid day,
Upon my lady's bed I lay:
A dog's life this you think I led?
You do not know my lady's bed.

Because my lady clearly bore
A deep dislike for pets that snore

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Contents for January
I THE DEVELOPMENT OF BISHOP BUTLER'S ETHICS — Thomas H. McPherson, M.A.
II ETHICAL INTUITIONISM — P. F. Strawson, M.A.
III MORALITY AND RELIGION — Professor H. D. Lewis
IV A CHALLENGE TO PHILOSOPHERS IN THE ATOMIC AGE — Professor Paul Arthur Schilpp
V DISCUSSION: MEANING AND NECESSITY — Professor Gilbert Ryle
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